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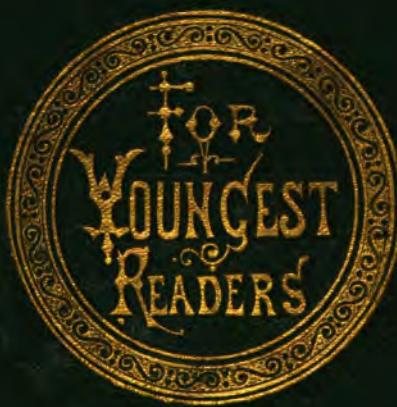
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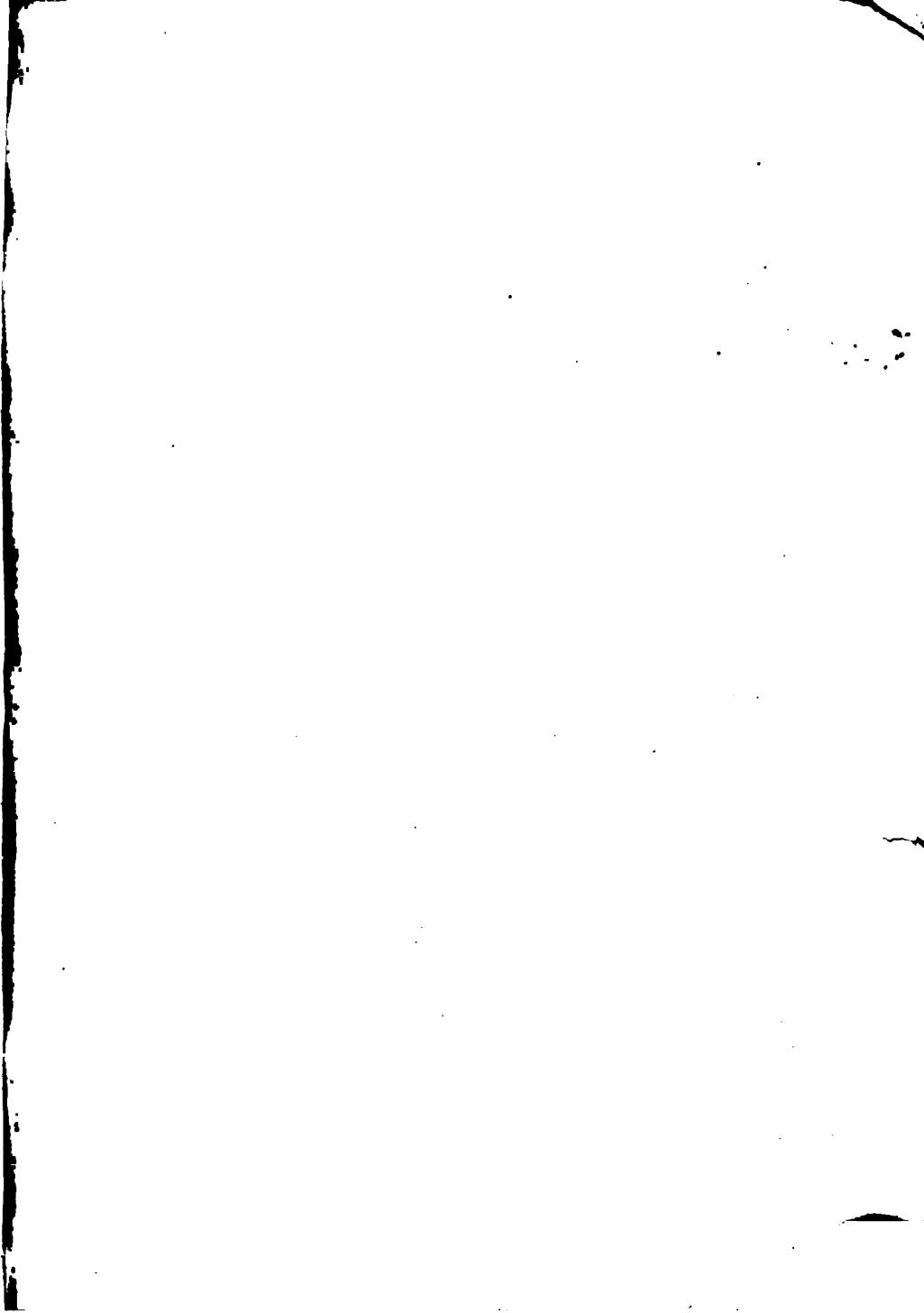
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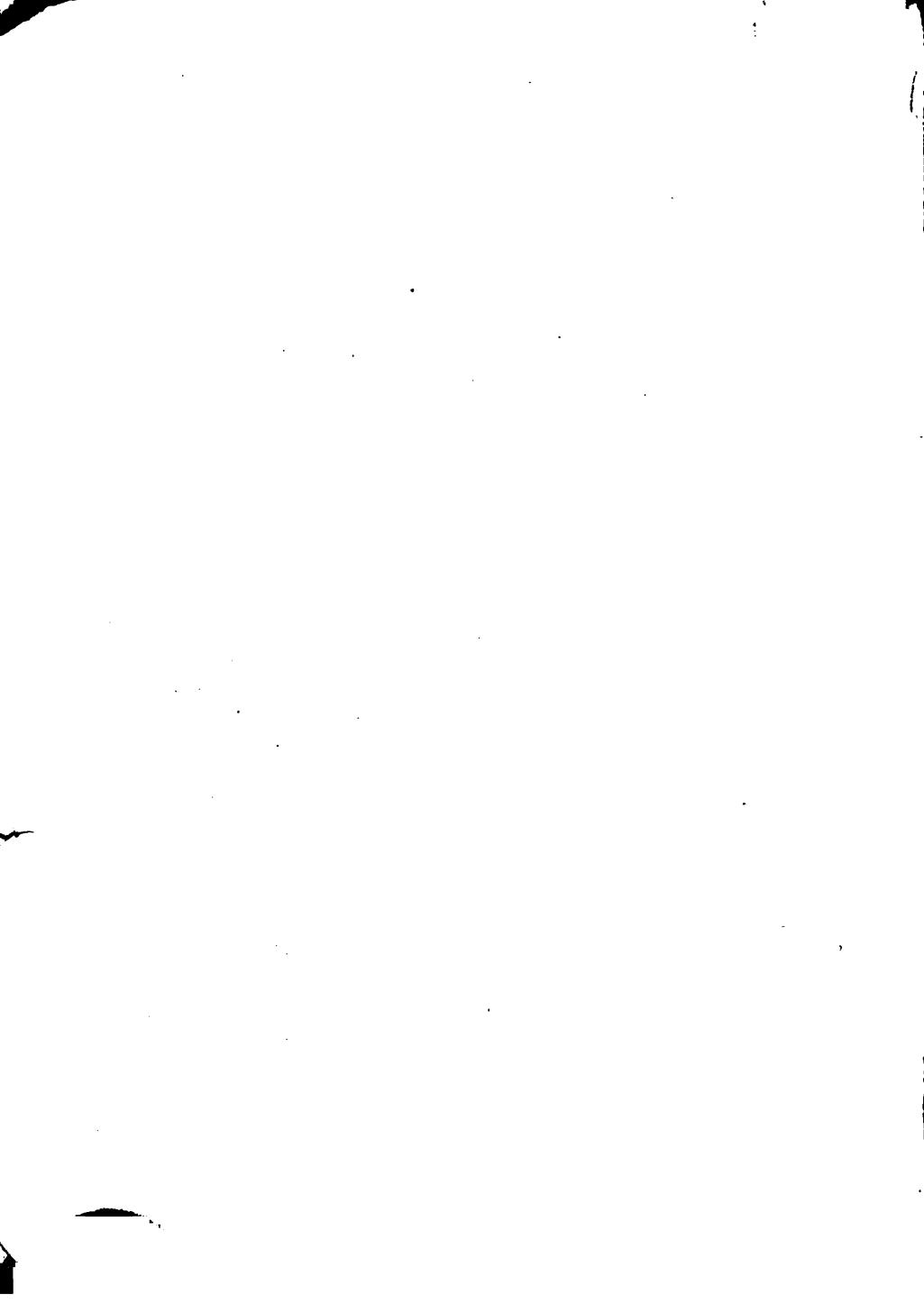
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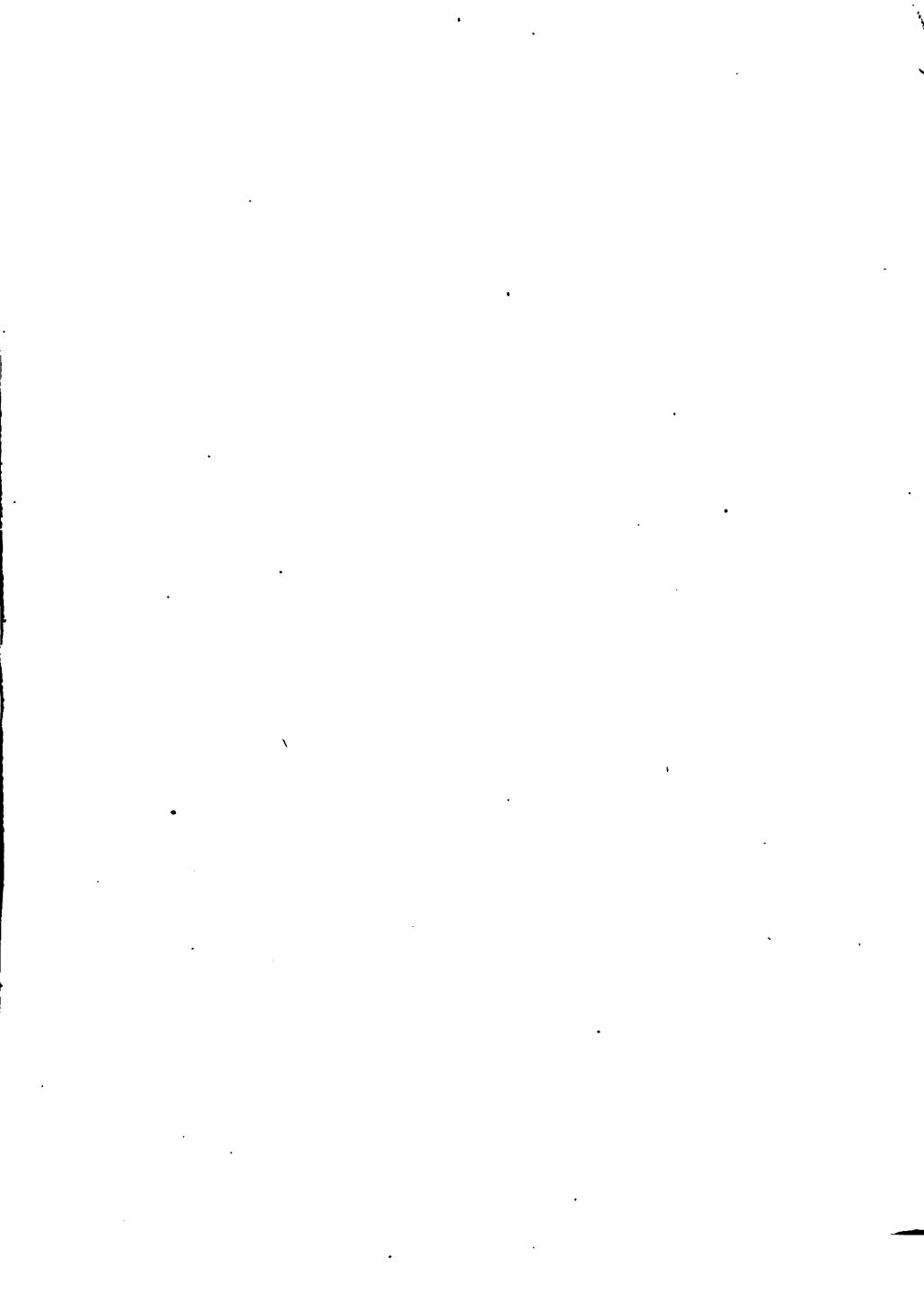
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THE
NURSERY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME X.

BOSTON:

JOHN L. SHOREY, No. 36, BROMFIELD STREET,

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IN PROSE.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Invincibles (Uncle Charles)	1	Sidney's First Ride	80
The Milkman's Dog and Horse	3	The Little Wanderer	85
Harry's Good-night Story	6	The Stilt-Bird	88
Ernie's Visit to his Grandpa	10	The Little Boy's Story	92
David's First Ride	16	Girls and Flowers	95
The Nest in the Porch (W. O. C.)	19	The Skipper's Daughter	97
What's in the Cistern?	21	Apthorp and the Kitten	102
Our Home in the Country	22	My Blackbird (Jane Oliver)	105
Old Major (Aunt Hattie)	24	Don't Care, and I'll Try	107
Kindness to Animals	26	Lucy and Nelly in the Country	108
Pinky (Anna L. Johnson)	29	My Baby-Brother	110
A Ride in a Dog-Cart	30	What we found on the Sea-Shore	112
Cora's Secret (E. Carter)	33	Katy and Captain	114
Lucy and her Papa	37	Taking the Baby to ride	115
How Willy got out of the Shaft	42	My Dog Scott	117
The Writing-Lesson	45	A Friendly Talk	120
The Children who kept House	48	How Uncle Peter saved the Children .	121
My Uncle's Dog Skye	51	Little Walter's New Cart (W. O. C.)	126
On the Beach	53	Hazel Hollow (Anna Livingston)	129
Pretty Poll	57	The King and the Spider	133
The Nest in the Hay-Mow	59	Little Quarrels (M. N. P.)	137
Winkie and the Mouse	62	Little Tim and Uncle Tim (E. H. Fenn)	138
The Pilot's Boy	66	The Kittens (Design by Pletsch)	144
All about Elephants	70	Vacation is over	147
The Faithful Indian	74	A Present for Johnny	149
Lilly's Dog (Uncle Charles)	76	Nelly at the Pump (Design by Pletsch)	152
More about Parrots	78	Our Dog (Fanny T. Harris)	153
A Puzzling Question	79	Venetian Doves	154

CONTENTS.

PAGE.		PAGE.	
The Dog who rang for his Dinner (Uncle Charles)	158	A Walk with Johnny	172
Give quickly	161	Pickaxe and Shovel	175
The Drake and the Lady.	165	The Little Helpers	178
Sago	167	About Robert (W. O. C.)	180
Dreaming and Doing	169	The Shoebblack's Dog	182
		The Dog that liked Cats	185

IN VERSE.

PAGE.		PAGE.	
Going to School	5	Eddie's Horse (Aunt Clara)	94
The Playmates	9	Apple-Blossoms (Mary N. Prescott)	96
The Queer Chickens (Elizabeth Sill) .	12	Dialogue (H. W.)	100
The Sailor Song (Rev. E. Abbott) . .	14	Why? (Mary N. Prescott)	104
Lady-Bird (A. Brown)	18	The Frog (Amy Brown)	105
Baby's Boat (George Cooper)	28	The Song of the Hen	116
Mamma's Nestlings (P. B. F.)	31	Where is he? (E. Sill)	124
The Gift of Flowers (Emily Carter) .	32	The Child's Delight (Kate Cameron) .	128
Little Lambkin (Amy Brown)	36	In the Orchard	132
Little Mischief (Kate Cameron)	40	The Cricket's Song (M. N. Prescott) .	135
Too many Children on one Horse . . .	41	Autumn Leaves (Uncle Charles)	136
Idle Ben	46	The Locust (George Cooper)	141
Learning to walk	47	The Robin's Story (W. O. C.)	142
Jenny's Pigeons (Amy Brown)	56	Blindman's Buff	151
The Sea-Shell (H. W.)	61	Our Little Chatterbox (K. Cameron) .	157
The Dancing Sisters (E. Carter) . .	64	Cradle-Song (Music by T. Crampton) .	160
Pottery Man	69	The Speckled Hen	164
Who is to blame?	73	A Surprise-Party (George Cooper) .	168
Henry's Prayer (Ida Fay)	77	A Trotting-Song	176
The Poppy-Head (Marian Douglas) .	83	Playing Wolf (illust. by Froment) .	177
The Little Musician (Ida Fay)	84	On the Sea-Beach (Emily Carter) .	184
A Morning Bath (George Cooper) . .	88	The Little Beggars	187
The Soldier's Battle-Day	90		





THE INVINCIBLES.

THE INVINCIBLES.



PAUL FLINT is captain of a company of soldiers in our village. This company is called the Invincibles. That is a hard name for little folks. An invincible soldier is one who cannot be beaten.

Paul is not only the captain but the drummer of his company. He is also a general. His men are armed,—some of them with wooden swords, and some with bulrushes got from the swamp near by.

I must tell you of a great battle which took place the other day, and in which the Invincibles proved themselves brave soldiers. Gen. Paul led them on, and showed that he was born to command.

A flock of geese had come into the garden from the common near by. It was Saturday afternoon. School did not keep, and the Invincibles were out in full force.

Gen. Paul, from a hill not far off, saw the enemy in white uniform enter the garden. He made a spy-glass of his two fists, and watched them for some time.

Then he made a speech to his troops: "If there is any coward among you," said he, "any one whose heart fails him at sight of the foe, let him leave the ranks at once. The fewer men, the greater share of honor."

To the credit of the Invincibles let it be said, not one man left the ranks. They replied with three bold cheers to the speech, and cried out, "Lead on, lead on!"

The general then disposed of his army in a most masterly way. A part of it he placed at the gate to cover the retreat in case the geese should be the victors. A wise general always provides for a retreat.

When all was ready, he cried out, "Attention, Invincibles! Shoulder—arms! Charge—bayonets! Forward! Double-quick! March!"

You should have seen that battle. Not a man drew back. On they went, with colors flying and drum beating, till they came upon the enemy in the garden. The geese fled right and left, some of them getting over the fence, and others—the poltroons!—trying to escape by the gate.

In five minutes, not a goose was to be seen. The battle was over. The Invincibles held the field. They gave three cheers in honor of their victory. Only two men out of the whole army were wounded: those two had tripped, and scraped their knees.

If ever an enemy should attack our village, I hope the Invincibles will be on hand to defend us. I hope we shall have brave Gen. Paul to lead us; and I hope that none but geese will be so foolish as to get up a war.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE MILKMAN'S DOG AND HORSE.

THE other day I heard a true story of a good dog and a good horse. They belong to a man in the State of Maine, who deals in milk.

Some of his milk this man gets from a house half a mile off from where he lives himself.

Every day, just before sunset, he har'ness-es his horse to a wagon or a cart, puts in his cans for the milk, and lays the reins where they can be got with ease by the driver.

Then he calls his dog; and the dog jumps in, and takes the reins in his mouth, while the horse trots on to the house where the milk is to be got.

Then a man comes out and fills the cans, and turns the horse round the way he ought to go to get home.



The good dog sits holding the reins, while the good horse trots off, and does not stop till he gets home.

They have never yet met with any mishap. Is it not a good dog? and is it not a good horse too?

UNCLE CHARLES.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

In the early morning,
When the air is cool,
Look at little Emily,
Going off to school

Flowers for the mistress,
And books in a bag ;
Run away, Emily,
And mind you don't lag.

AUTHOR OF "BIRDS AND FLOWERS."

HARRY'S GOOD-NIGHT STORY.

I sat in a pleasant room before a cheerful fire, with my darling Harry curled up in my lap.

He was all ready for bed, dressed in his yellow flannel night-gown that covered him from top to toe.

I had repeated to him Little Bo-Peep, Jacky Horner, and all about the Seven Wise Men of Gotham; had told off on his pretty pink toes, how

“One was a lady
Who sits in the sun;
Two is a baby;
And three is a nun;
Four is a lady
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on his nest;”

and now had come to the good-night story, that always finished the evening's entertainment.

“It is time for the good-night story,” I said to the happy boy cuddled up in my arms. “What shall it be about tonight?”

“About a little boy no bigger than I, who wore rubber-boots, and could slide on a sled,” said Harry.

So I began: “I will tell you all about Jamie and his pictures.” But Harry stopped me.

“Begin, ‘Once on a time,’ ” said he. “You forgot that.”

“So I did: well, once on a time I knew a little boy no bigger than you, whose name was Jamie. I loved his mother very much, and used to go often and see her.”

“Did she have yellow hair?”

“To be sure she did! — hair yellow as dandelions.”

“And a red shiny face ?”

“Yes, a rosy red face.”

“Did she have a ticking watch ?”

“Of course, she had! — a pretty yellow watch that said, ‘Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,’ all the day.”

“Did she carry sugar-plums in her pockets for little boys ?”



“Oh! heaps and heaps of them, — red, yellow, and white ones. But I must tell you about Jamie. Once when I was at his house he drew pictures all the afternoon.”

“Did he make a house ?”

“A splendid one. You could see all the chairs, sofas, and tables on the outside of it; and the little boys and girls that stood at the windows laughed.”

“Did you hear them?”

“Oh, no! Jamie only made believe they laughed.

“He next made some railroad-cars; and there was a train that ran off the track, and the boys and girls were spread about all over the ground with the trunks and bundles.

“He drew a steamboat too; and there was an explosion, that sent one big fat man up into an apple-tree.”

“How did you know it was an apple-tree?”

“I could see as many as twenty great round apples on it. Then Jamie made an ocean. There were five ships out sailing. There were whales and little shiners tumbling about, and a little boy in a boat was trying to catch them.”

“Did he have a real fish-hook, or a crooked-up pin?”

“It was a real fish-hook, spandy new.

“On the shore were five little boys and girls picking up shells, and making houses in the sand. Five women sat under a tree, and cried because their husbands had gone away in the big ships.

“At last Jamie got tired of making pictures. So his mamma gave him a red apple and a brown bun; and he went out into the kitchen to eat them with black Dinah, who was making biscuit for tea.

“That is all the story; and my little boy is

‘Nid, mid, nodding,
And falling off to sleep.’

“So let's patter, patter, away to bed.”

I lifted the tired boy into his crib, and almost before his head touched the pillow his eyes were closed. He roused himself to say, “Now I lay me,” then went away into his beautiful baby dreamland.

I went back into the sitting-room, and made blue gingham aprons for Harry all the rest of the evening.

S. B. T.



THE PLAYMATES.

HAZEL-EYED Jane and her pretty dog Jip,—
Fond little playmates: they frolic together
Out in the meadow on bright summer days,
Down on the hearth-rug in cold stormy weather.

She pulls his ears, and he laughs with his eyes ;
 Then jumps on her shoulders, and tumbles her over ;
 Up again, in a trice, with a gay little shout,
 She runs, and he follows her through the red clover.

Then dolly must ride on his back to the ball ;
 And Jane makes believe he's a horse of gay mettle.
 "Get up, sir !" she cries : "we shall never be there.
 "See, the sun in the west is beginning to settle.

"Sweet dolly is frightened ; she really looks pale ;
 Her hair's out of curl you have trotted so hard.
 There ! the tea-bell is ringing, and I must be going :
 Stay here, pretty dolly, with Jip for your guard."

CAROLINE S. CATLIN.



ERNIE'S VISIT TO HIS GRANDPA'S.



HERE is a picture of little Ernie, with his mamma and aunt and little baby-brother, starting for the dépôt. He is going up to his grandpa's to make a long visit. See ! the cars are coming, and they are all in great haste.

His grandpa lives upon a high hill, very near Wachusett Mountain ; and Ernie thinks it grand fun to go up to "grandpa's." I cannot begin to tell you of all the nice plays he has there, and of all the fine things he finds to amuse him.

Sometimes he takes long rides with his grandpa, over the

hills; and, though his grandpa's old horse is not a very nimble trotter, it is just as good fun to Ernie. See how happy he looks, perched on the seat beside his grandpa, whip in hand, starting from under the old elm-tree!

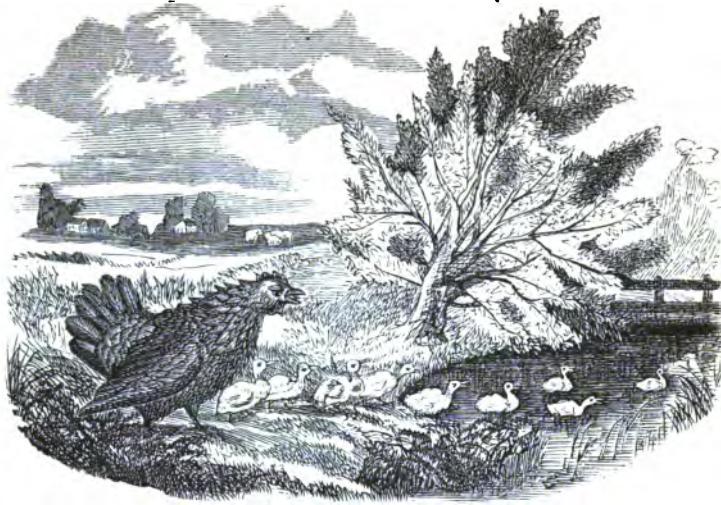
If you could take a peep at Ernie about sunset, you would see him in the cow-yard, trying to help his cousins milk the cows. He makes his cousins laugh by his strange mistakes. Once he sat down on the wrong side of the cow, and the cow taught him a lesson by kicking the pail over. Sometimes the milk streams all over his clothes, and on his shoes, or into his cousin's face, and not a drop goes into the pail. But this only makes him laugh, and tease to try again.

One day, his Aunt Hulda heard her little kitty crying in her milk-room, and went in to see what was the matter. Where do you think she found the poor kitty? Plunged in a pail of maple-molasses, and Ernie standing by, looking at the little prisoner.

I suppose he thought the little kitty would like a taste of molasses as well as himself. I am afraid the poor kitty did not enjoy such a sweet bath very much.

But I think I have told you enough about this little boy for this time. I must just add that he takes "The Nursery," and enjoys the stories and pictures as much as any little boy can.





THE QUEER CHICKENS.

ACROSS the barn-floor,
And through the barn-door,
Comes the old white hen :

Very proud she feels ;
For at her heels
She has a brood of ten.

She is glad to get out,
And pick about ;
She is tired of sitting still :

And now they'll go —
She tells them so —
To the meadow down by the mill.

For there are bugs
And worms and slugs,
And grasshoppers green and brown ;
But she says, " Do you hear ?
Do not go too near
To the mill-pond, or you'll drown."

Each little fellow
 Is downy and yellow,
 With a very queer bill for a chick :
 They waddle along
 The weeds among,
 And learn how to scratch and pick.

Just then old white
 Catches a sight
 Of a beetle a little beyond :
 She runs to pin it,
 When, in a minute,
 The young ones are off to the pond.

In vain she calls
 And scolds and squalls,
 Not one of the ten will stop ;
 And she's out of breath,
 And frightened to death,
 As into the water they pop.

But she opens her eyes
 In great surprise
 When she sees them swim with ease ;
 And she says, " I never ! —
 Now, did you ever
 See any such chickens as these ? "

And a crow in a tree,
 Who had laughed so to see,
 That he scarcely could stand on his legs,
 Said, " I would recommend,
 My very dear friend,
 That you don't sit again on ducks' eggs."



THE SAILOR SONG.

APTHORP went with his papa and mamma to spend the summer at the seashore. They all lived together in a house close by the beach. From the windows of their room they could look out upon the water, and, when it was clear, could see the ships sailing to and fro.

Apthorp was a little boy, about two years old, and he used to like to have his father carry him about in his arms. He would put his cheek down upon his father's shoulder, and his little arms about his father's neck; and thus, while he was being carried, he could look out of the window and watch the pretty ships in the distance.

His father made him a little song, which he called "The Sailor Song." In it he would imagine himself talking with

a sailor on one of the ships he saw. When he had taken his little boy up, he would say, "Apthorp, shall papa sing 'Sailor'?" And Apthorp would say, "Yes, papa." Then his father would begin to sing. The tune was, "Watchman, tell us of the night." And this was the song:—

"Sailor, sailor, far away
On the waters of the bay,
Where's the port from which you hail,
Driven by the favoring gale?"
"Master, master, there's my home,
In that cottage by the shore,
Where the beach is white with foam,
And the breaking billows roar."

"Sailor, sailor, whither bound
In that ship so staunch and sound?
Whither points your sharp-edged prow,
Cutting the clear waters through?"
"Master, master, I am bound
Across the deep and stormy sea,
To sail the wide, wide world around,
And visit lands unknown to me."

"Sailor, sailor, how so brave
To face the storm and breast the wave?
Who will guard you o'er the deep,
When you wake, and when you sleep?"
"Master, master, I've no fear:
God in heaven will care for me;
He is with me, far or near,
Day and night, by land and sea."

By this time, Apthorp, if it was his bed-time, would often be fast asleep; and then his father would lay him gently down in his little crib to dream about the sailors, the ships, and the sea.

E. A.

DAVID'S FIRST RIDE.

Look at those two boys on that great stout horse! You wonder how such little fellows ever could have got up so high, or how they keep up after they are there.

Ah! but you must know that they are tough little country boys. George, the elder of the two, is quite a fearless rider, although he is only nine years old.

Just give him a lift to the horse's back, give him the bridle, and he will keep his seat without saddle or stirrups.

But his little brother David, who sits in front, is now taking his first ride. David would like to hold the bridle if George would let him. He can't be trusted with that: so he is contented with holding a long switch, with which he feels very grand.

Here they come straight down to the brook. The smart little colt trots along by his mother's side. Carlo the dog, in high spirits, comes bounding after them.

"Get out of the way, you two ducks!" Away go the ducks with a "quack, quack!" and David laughs to see them in such a flutter.

But who are those children looking over the fence? They are the next neighbor's children, Mary and John. They have run out to see little David on horseback, and their dog Rover has come with them.

Johnny holds up a switch almost as big as David's. Rover takes a peep at the frightened ducks. Mary leans over the fence, and says, "Good-morning!"

Carlo answers with a bark. George and David answer only with their happy faces. The old mare keeps right on without taking much notice.

But the colt turns his head round to Mary, and actually

DAVID'S FIRST RIDE.



laughs. He means to say, "Good-morning, little girl ! I am very glad to see you."

I am sure this is what he means. If you doubt it, look at the picture.

UNCLE SAM.



LADY-BIRD.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home :
 Your house is on fire ! then why do you roam ?
 Look to the west, where the sky is so red,
 All your poor children are burning in bed !

Lady-bird, lady-bird, why do you stay
 When your poor husband is lost on the way ?
 Coming to meet you, ill tidings he brings :
 Lady-bird, lady-bird, spread out your wings !

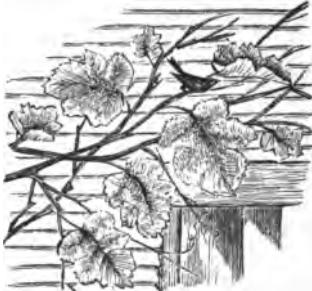
AMY BROWN.

THE NEST IN THE PORCH.

IN the spring, the little birds came hopping around the door, and did not seem a bit afraid. Edwin put some crumbs on the window-sill; and the sparrows came and ate them all up.



So every day they flew down to the window to find more crumbs. One day Edwin saw a little bird fly up over the window. Over the window was a grape-vine. The little bird was looking all about in the grape-vine.



“ Little bird, what are you looking for up there in the grape-vine ? ” Oh ! she is looking for a nice good place

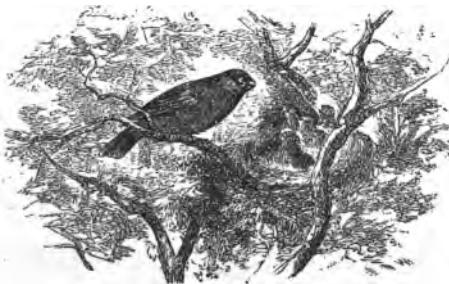
where she can build her cosey little nest.



Here is the dear little soft nest that birdie built. It is under the porch, where it will not be wet with the rain. Edwin can stand and see the little bird upon her nest.

Edwin is so good to her, that she is not afraid of him. Every morning she sings a little song for Edwin, to pay for her breakfast.

w. o. c.



THE NEST IN THE TREE.



WHAT'S IN THE CISTERNS.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived on a farm, where we had plenty of chickens and ducks. Near the house was a wooden cistern, not much larger than a hogshead, made to catch rain-water as it fell from the spout.

One morning I was running through the yard, when I heard a plaintive "Peep, peep," which seemed to come from a chicken in distress. I searched everywhere; but no sign of the chicken could I find: so I ran into the house for my

brother. As he was older than I, I felt sure that he was wiser.

He came out with me, and, after listening a moment, said, "It must be a chicken in the cistern."

He leaned over the cistern, and looked in. I scrambled up as well as I could, and managed to peep over the edge, though it was as much as I could do to hold on. My little sister Jane, who had heard the commotion, tried to find a crack to look through.

Well, what do you think we saw? The cistern was nearly half full of water; and, on a piece of the cover that had fallen in, there was a little chicken cuddled up, and peeping pitifully.

How such a little chick came to get in there we never knew; but there it was, wet through and through, but sailing about safely, and calling for help in the best way it could.

My brother reached down into the cistern, and took the poor little chicken out. We carried it into the house, placed it in a basket of cotton by the fire, and fed it with bread-crumbs; and by noon it was ready to play with its brothers and sisters. But I don't think it went near the cistern again that day.

AUNT HATTIE.

OUR HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

WE live in the city in the winter; but, about the middle of June every year, we move out to our country home, and there we stay till November.

It is a dear old place, on the bank of a beautiful lake. How we long to be there! As early as the first of May, we begin to count off the days. My brother Charles says to

me, "Only forty days more, Nelly, before we go." And the next day I say to him, "Only thirty-nine days more, Charley."

And then, by and by, we begin to count the hours; and at last the time comes, and we all start off, bag and baggage.

How happy we are when we come in sight of the house! Old Ponto comes dashing out to meet us, and is almost wild with delight. He leaps upon us, he licks our hands, he tells us in every way that a dog can how glad he is to see us.

Then we children roam over the old place. We take a look at the hens and the pigs and the cows and the horses. We have fun enough for all that day just in looking about to see if every thing remains as it was a year ago.

It would be too long a story if I should describe all the good times that we have. But I must tell you about our boat. We have a boat on the lake. Charles and Willy can row it finely; and Jane and I are learning to row.

We go out in the boat almost every pleasant day. Sometimes we fish, sometimes we land and have a pic-nic; and I wish I could give everybody who reads this one of the beautiful pond-lilies that we sometimes get.

NELLY.



OLD MAJOR.

EVERY summer, when the warm July days come, we leave our dusty city, and, getting on one of the beautiful steamers that are daily passing, we glide over the lovely Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron, until we come to the beautiful island of Mackinac.

The island rises like an emerald from the clear waters of the lake ; and the pure, life-giving breezes that sweep over it have made it a famous place of resort for those persons in search of health or of pleasure.

We are sure to have a warm welcome from our friends there ; and no one of them expresses more gladness at our coming than good old Major.

Major is a large Newfoundland dog ; but he and his little mistress Jessie, who is about the same age, are such constant playmates, that he really seems to think himself one of the family.

Jessie and Major always meet us when we land from the steamer ; and the first thing that all the children do is to try who shall reach the beach first. There is a hard chase, with much laughing and shouting ; but Major gets ahead, because, you know, he has four feet, and the others only two.

When the children tire of the beach, they start for the bluffs, which are high and steep. The one that gets to the foot of the hill first takes hold of Major's tail, and is drawn up in fine style. This is great fun.

In the long twilight, when the children gather on the green to play, they sometimes give Major a ride in the wheelbarrow. Then Jessie will say in a pitying tone, " Poor Maj. is dead !" and tip him out on the grass ; and there he will lie as stiff as a stick of wood.

One of the children will raise his head or tail; but it will drop back like lead. Then they all say, "Poor Maj. is dead!"



Pretty soon one of them will say, "I don't believe he is dead : I saw him wink."

Then they all say, "Oh, no! he must be dead;" when up Major springs, and jumps about, and wags his tail, as much as to say, " Didn't I fool you nicely?"

You would laugh to see Major and the little chickens together. When he lies down, they sometimes flock round him, nestle on his back, climb on his head, and peck at his ears.

One day, Fanny called us to the window to look at a smart little chick perched on the middle of his back, and scratching as busily as any chick on the ground.

Now, don't you think Major is a nice old fellow? If you will come up to Mackinac next summer, I will show him to you, and you shall see also the beautiful woods where the children make their play-houses, and a hundred pretty things that I have not time to write about.

DETROIT, MICH.

AUNT HATTIE.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

In the sketch on the next page, the artist shows us a scene that is very common in England.

It is a group of children looking at a printed placard. Let us see if we can tell what is printed upon it.

We can read the head-line with ease. It is,—

"THE ANIMALS' FRIEND'S ALMANAC."

The large picture in the middle is plain enough. It is a horse drinking at a fountain. There is a picture of birds at the top. The other pictures we cannot make out.

But we have seen enough to know what the placard means, and why it is put up in such a public place. It is

a good word spoken by kind people for the animals, that cannot speak for themselves. A street placard like this is much needed in this country. It ought to be as common as it is in England; for it is sure to attract attention, and answers a very useful purpose.



It serves to remind everybody who sees it of the duty of kindness to animals. This is a lesson that we hope to impress more and more upon all the readers of "The Nursery."

Bear it in mind, boys and girls. See that you are friends of the animals. Be thoughtful always of their wants and their feelings. Never be guilty of causing needless pain to any living creature.

UNCLE CHARLES.



BABY'S BOAT.

BABY'S in the boat,
Rocking to and fro ;
Tautest craft afloat,—
Baby's watch below.

Snowy sails are set :
Little "lullabies"
Hush the pretty pet,
Close the laughing eyes.

Storms can never harm ;
Mother watches near :
Oh ! her loving arm
Knows the way to steer.

Quiet now, at last,
Till the morning beams ;
Baby's anchored fast
In the port of dreams.

GEORGE COOPER.

PINKY.

I KNOW two little girls named Annie and Josie Reid. They live in the country, on a farm. Pinky is their kitten.

Shall I tell you how she looks? She is so round and soft, that when she is curled up in bed, asleep, you might think it was nothing but a ball of downy fur.

She is as white as snow,— all but her ears and tail,— and these are very black.

I do not suppose she ever sees her ears; but sometimes I have seen her look down at her tail, in a surprised way, as much as to say,—

“Does that queer little black thing belong to me?”

Pinky knows a great deal for a kitten. She knows Josie from Annie, and she seems to love Josie best.

She will climb upon the bed in the morning, and creep softly up, and touch Josie's cheek with her paw, as if to see whether she is really asleep, or only making believe.

One day the little girls were at school, and Mrs. Reid was gone away. Mr. Reid was in the yard, making some whitewash in a pail. When it was done, he went away and left it there.

Pretty soon Pinky jumped out of her basket, in which she had been asleep, and went out into the yard to watch for the little girls coming home from school.

It was very lonesome there. Pinky could not find any thing to amuse herself with. She was afraid to chase the chickens, because they had grown so big. She played with a dead leaf a minute or two; but there was not much fun in it.

By and by she saw the pail of whitewash.

“Ah!” thought Pinky, “there is something new.” Then

she climbed up on the edge of the pail to see what was in it; and, as soon as she saw it, she was very much pleased, and began to purr.

"Oh, what a lot of nice milk!" thought she. "It must have been put here on purpose for my supper."

So she tried to reach it; but she could not, because the pail was only half full. But Pinky would not give it up. She kept trying, till at last her paws slipped off the edge of the pail, and down she went into the whitewash.

The girls were just coming into the yard, and they ran and took her out. Such a sight as Pinky was! They gave her a good washing, and then wrapped her up in warm flannels, and put her in her bed near the fire.

Josie thinks Pinky would have drowned if they had not come home just as they did.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.



HOW THREE BOYS TOOK A RIDE IN A DOG-CART, ONE FINE DAY;
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MAMMA'S NESTLINGS.

THE little birdies sing their best
Just as the sun is setting;
And that's the way they go to rest,
Without a bit of fretting.

'Tis only owls and bats — bad friends —
Late hours by choice are keeping;
And birdie's morning song depends
Upon a good night's sleeping.

Night full of sleep, day full of song!
The birds never weep, and they cannot do wrong.
We're mamma's birdies, ready for the nest:
Mamma says "'Tis bed-time;" and she knows best.

Now, mamma's nestlings all confess
"Good-night" a pleasant word is:
They ought to be, in her caress,
At least as good as birdies.

Good-night, mamma! we like to go
Ere drowsiness comes o'er us:
Sweet sleep shall make us overflow
In morning's joyful chorus.

Night full of sleep, day full of song!
The birds never weep, and they cannot do wrong.
We're mamma's birdies, ready for the nest:
Mamma says "'Tis bed-time;" and she knows best.

THE GIFT OF FLOWERS.



Rose with rose-bud twining;
Leaf so fresh and shining;
All so pure and cheery,—
Go, console the weary!

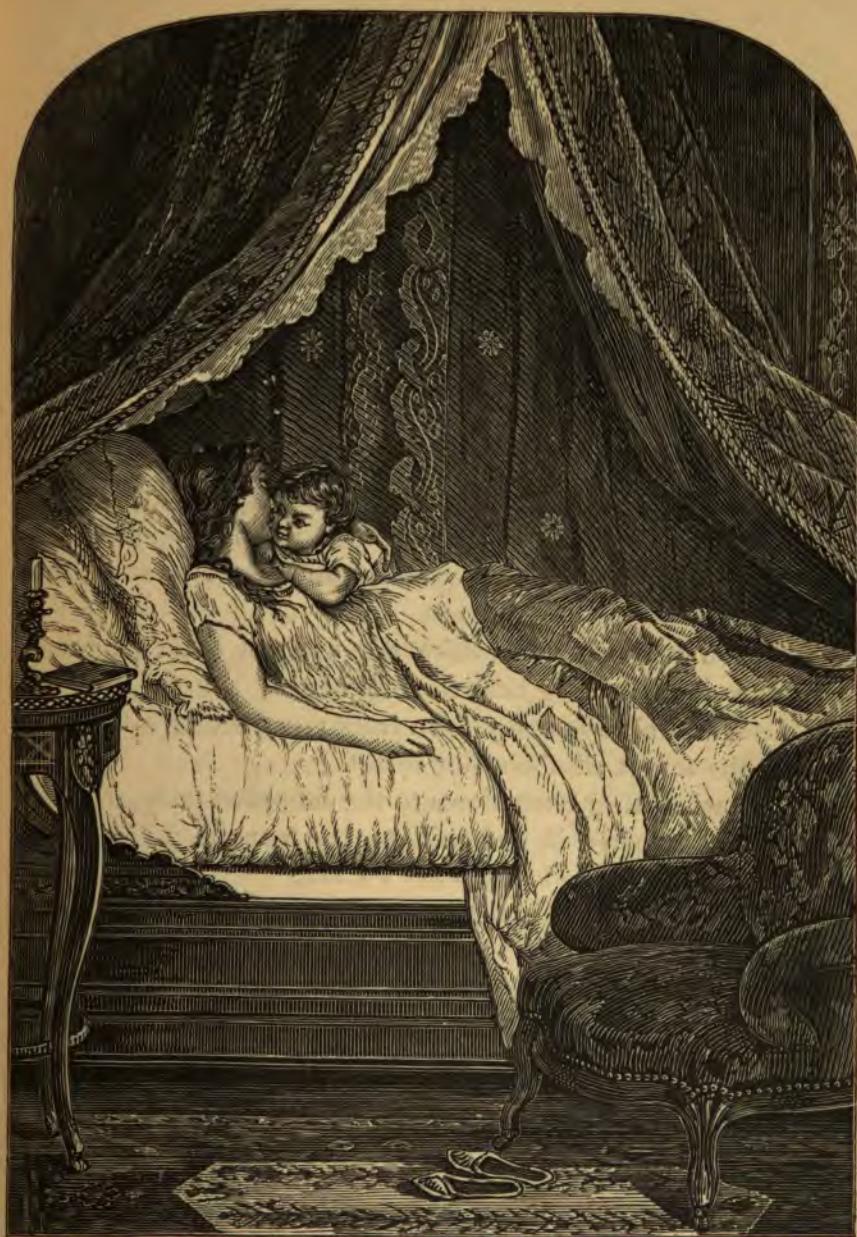
Give me up your sweetness,
Lest you show your fleetness,
Lest you fade and wither
Ere I draw you hither.

Youth and health are blessings
Without your caressings:
Go, with bloom reviving,
To the sick and striving!

In the room of sorrow,
Cheer the day, the morrow;
Not all vain your splendor,
If such joy you render.

EMILY CARTER.





CORA'S SECRET.

CORA'S SECRET.



WAKE up, my own mother, wake up!" said little Cora Lee, one bright morning in August, to her mother.

"Why are you waking me so early, my child? It is not yet six o'clock," sighed mamma, shutting her eyes, and trying once more to sleep.

"Oh! but I have a secret to tell you; such a secret!" cried Cora.

"Well, what is it?" said mamma, rubbing her eyes.

"It is that — that — but I forgot when I spoke," said Cora, — "I forgot that it is a *secret*, and that I promised not to tell it."

"Then why did you wake me up, you little plague?" said mamma, making believe whip her.

Cora was always ready for a frolic; and so, for a few minutes, she forgot all about her secret.

But, when they came down to the breakfast-table, she once more remembered it, and said to her mamma, "You would give a good deal to know what I know."

"Then, why don't you tell me?" asked mamma.

"Because it's a secret," said Cora; "but, if you will give me a nice sweet peach, perhaps" —

"Stop, little girl," said mamma. "You say you promised not to tell the secret."

"I promised not to tell it till the right time," said Cora; "but I think the right time will be when I get a peach."

"Think of that well," said mamma; "for my dear little girl must learn to keep a promise, — must learn to never, never, betray a trust."

"Well, mamma, I will not tell my secret yet; no not even for the peach," cried Cora.

"Then you shall have the peach all the same" said mamma.

Cora ate the peach, and then sat down to look at her little book of pictures. By and by she took a walk in the garden, and fed some tame birds with crumbs; then she went to see Thomas the hostler wash the carriage, and rub down the horses.

At dinner-time, she was so hungry, that she forgot all about her secret, until, seeing mamma look sad, she cried out, "O mamma! do you know who is— who is"—

"Who is *what*, my dear?" inquired mamma.

But Cora checked herself. She had been on the brink of telling her secret; and now she thought the best way was to get her thoughts off from it as soon as she could. So she went and rocked her doll Belvidera.

It was hard work for Cora all that afternoon to keep from telling her secret. It was almost too big a burden for such a little girl to have the holding of. It weighed her down.

At last she went to her mamma, and asked what o'clock it was. It was four o'clock. "And what comes after four? Why, five, to be sure."

Cora looked very wise. "In one hour, it will be five o'clock, will it?" she asked.

"You little puzzler, what are you driving at?" cried mamma.

"Oh! I know what I am driving at," said Cora.

She sat down quite patiently, undressed Belvidera, and put her in her little doll-bed. Just as she did it, the clock struck five. Cora clapped her hands.

"Now," said she, "you shall hear my secret. Papa is"—

Before she could get out another word, the door-bell rang.

“There he is!” cried Cora. “Papa has got back from California. He wanted to surprise you, and at the same time to see if I could keep a secret.”

Before Cora could get out all these words, papa had rushed in and kissed them both. And then both mamma and papa gave the little girl an extra kiss because she had kept her first great secret so well.

EMILY CARTER.



LITTLE LAMBKIN.

LAMBKIN, Lambkin, how do you do ?
 Let me take some wool from you :
 Here are scissors, and comb beside,
 To cut the curls from your silky hide ;
 For sister tells me your soft white fleece
 Will make us a Sunday frock apiece :
 So do, dear lambkin, only stay ;
 Your curls will grow another day.

AMY BROWN.

LUCY AND HER PAPA.

ILLUSTRATED BY FROLICH.

EVERY night, after Lucy has been put to bed, her papa comes to her bedside to see that his darling child is sleeping quietly.



One night the little girl happened to be awake when her papa came into the room. He had been ill all day, and had been sitting in his chamber with his nightcap on.

Lucy lay very still till he was close by the bed. Then she started up with a laugh. She had not often seen her papa in a nightcap; and she thought he had got it on in a very funny way.

“ Why, Lucy, my child, are you awake ? ” said her papa.

“ Yes, papa,” said Lucy ; “ and I am going to show you how to put on your nightcap. You must not wear it in that way. It does not look pretty.”

“ Well, Lucy, you shall show me the best way to wear it. Make me look as handsome as you can.”



“ Yes, papa,” said Lucy.

Then Lucy stood up in the bed, and pulled the nightcap round so that the buckle came in front. After she had arranged it with great care, she said, “ There, papa, now you look beautiful.”

Papa laughed, and gave her a kiss. The soft hands of his dear little girl seemed to take away the pain from his aching head.

He held her fondly in his arms a few minutes ; then, for fear that she might take cold, he laid her gently into bed again, and covered her up nicely.

Lucy was so tired by this time, that she was glad to lay her head upon the pillow.

Her papa leaned over, and gave her a good-night kiss.



“Good-night, dear papa,” said Lucy ; and her eyelids were beginning to droop as she spoke.

Her papa was still bending over her. “Good-night, good-night, good-night,” said Lucy ; but the last “good-night” was a very faint one, for little Lucy was dropping asleep. In half a minute more, she was sound asleep, and dreaming sweetly.

Then her papa went quietly back to his own chamber.



LITTLE MISCHIEF.

BLUE-EYED "Little Mischief"
Needs no other name :
Sure am I for nothing else
To this world she came.
From the early dawning
Till the set of sun,
All the house is ringing
With her merry fun.

If she stops one minute,
As if sore perplexed,
'Tis with the grave question,—
"What can I do next?"
And you may be certain,
When you hear no sound,
That in some new trouble
She will soon be found.

Blue-eyed Little Mischief,
Though she plagues us so,
Is a precious darling,
As you well may know;
And I would not have her,
Even if I could,
Always still and stupid,
And *so very good.*

KATE CAMERON.



TOO MANY CHILDREN ON ONE HORSE. SOME OF THEM MUST
FALL OFF, OF COURSE.



HOW WILLY GOT OUT OF THE SHAFT.

HERE is a picture of Willy Lee and his dog Caper. Willy is very fond of this dog ; and I am going to tell you a story which will show you that he has good reason to be fond of him.

When Willy was about six years old, his father lived in a mining country, where lead is found under the ground. In searching for lead, the miners begin by digging a large round hole, which they call a shaft. There was a shaft in

Mr. Lee's pasture, which some miners had begun, but had abandoned before it was very deep.

At that time, Willy was a very little fellow ; but he knew a good deal for a boy of his age. He knew how to read and write. He often wrote letters to his uncles and aunts, which pleased them very much ; for, though he did not write as grown-up people do, his letters were just as plain as *print*.

So when his birthday came, one of his aunts sent him a little writing-book to carry in his pocket. There was a place in the book for a pencil ; and his aunt had put a nice little red pencil in it, so that Willy might write just when he pleased. Willy thought a great deal of this little book, and always kept it in his pocket.

One day he called his dog, and said, "Come, Caper, let us have a play ;" and away ran Willy and the dog to have a play together under the trees.

Willy's mamma was very busy ; but she loved her little boy so well that she soon began to miss him. She went to the door and looked out, and could not see Willy anywhere ; but she knew that Caper was with him, and thought they would come back before long. She waited an hour, and still he did not come. Then she went out to look for him.

When she came to the gate by the road, she met Mr. Lee, and told him how long Willy had been gone. Mr. Lee thought he must have gone to sleep under some of the trees ; for the weather was very warm. So they went to all the trees under which Willy was in the habit of playing, and called him, and called Caper ; but they were nowhere to be found.

By this time, the sun had gone down. Mr. Lee ran to a neighbor to get help to find his little boy. Poor Mrs. Lee was almost wild with fright. The news that Willy was lost

soon spread over the neighborhood ; and all the men and women turned out to hunt. They hunted all night ; but Willy was not to be found.

When daylight came, Mr. Lee got home, looking very pale ; and his voice trembled as he spoke of his darling boy. As to the poor mother, her heart seemed to be breaking.

The neighbors were gathered round, and all were trying to think what to do next ; when Caper came bounding into the room. There was a string tied round his neck, and a bit of paper tied to the string.

Mr. Lee took the paper, and saw that it was a letter from Willy. He read it aloud. It said, "O pa ! come to me. I am in the big hole in the pasture."

Everybody ran at once to the far corner of the pasture ; and there, sure enough, was Willy, alive and well, in the shaft. Oh ! how glad he was when his dear papa caught him in his arms, and lifted him out ! And his mother,— I cannot tell you how glad she was. Sometimes she cried, and sometimes she laughed, as she held him in her arms, and looked into his face, to be sure that nothing was wrong with him.

Now, I will tell you how Willy came to be in the shaft. He was playing with Caper in the yard, when he thought he would climb over the fence, and take a little run in the pasture. He soon found himself on the green grass under the great trees ; and then he thought he would run all over the pasture.

So he kept on till he came to the shaft. He went close to the edge and sat down ; and, in bending over to see how deep it was, he lost his balance, and fell in. He tried very hard to get out, but could not. He could just reach the top of the shaft with his hand, but no farther.

When his good little dog saw that his master was in the shaft, he would not leave him, but ran round and round,

reaching down, and trying to pull him out ; but, while Caper was pulling Willy by the coat-sleeve, a piece of sod gave way under his feet, and he fell in too.

Willy called his mother and father as loudly as he could ; but the corner of the pasture was so far from the house, that no one could hear him. He cried and called till it was dark ; and then he lay down on the ground, and Caper lay down close beside him. How glad Willy was to have his dog with him ! It was not long before Willy cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke, it was morning ; and he began to think of a way to get out. His little writing-book was in his pocket. He took it out, and, after a good deal of trouble, wrote the letter to his papa. Then he tore the leaf out, and took a string out of his pocket, and tied it round Caper's neck, and tied the letter to it. Then he lifted the dog up, and helped him out, and said to him, " Go home, Caper, go home." The little dog scampered away, and was soon at home, and Willy was soon taken out of the shaft.

MRS. D. G. COX.



INSTEAD OF WRITING HIS COPY, PAUL TORE A LEAF OUT OF HIS BOOK, AND MADE A PAPER BOAT. PAUL WILL NEVER LEARN TO WRITE LIKE WILLY.

IDLE BEN.



IDLE BEN was a naughty boy;
(If you please, this story's true;)
He caused his teachers great annoy,
And his worthy parents too.

Idle Ben, in a boastful way,
To his anxious parents told,
That, while he was young, he thought he'd play;
And he'd learn when he grew old.

“Ah, Ben!” said his mother, and dropped a tear,
“You'll be sorry for this by and by.”
Says Ben, “To me, that's not very clear;
But at any rate I'll try.”

So Idle Ben, he refused to learn,
Thinking that he could wait;
But, when he had his living to earn,
He found it was just too late.

Little girls, little boys, don't delay your work:
Some day you'll be women and men:
Whenever your task you're inclined to shirk,
Take warning by Idle Ben.



LEARNING TO WALK.

Who comes here?

Little boy John,
Brave as a lion :
See him come on !

What does he want ?
A kiss, I am thinking :
Come, sir, and take it ;
Come without winking !

Don't be afraid
Of a stumble or fall ;
For Johnny must walk,
Although he is small.

First one little foot,
Now forward the other :
That's right ! here you are,
My own little brother !

DORA BURNSIDE

THE CHILDREN WHO KEPT HOUSE.

JOHN and Mary were the children of a poor laboring man who worked on a railroad. One day he was badly hurt while stopping in a distant town ; and his wife had to leave the children, and go to take care of him.

John was eight years old, and Mary five ; and they were left alone in a poor little hut to take care of themselves as they could.

This hut was near a pond, and was made out of an old ice-house which had been left to go to ruin.

For three weeks, these children were left alone. There was no food in the house except some corn, a pot of potatoes, and a loaf of brown bread. All these John saved for the hens.

“ But what shall we do for our breakfast, John ? ” asked Mary, as John was giving away the bread and the potatoes to the hens the morning after their mother had left them.

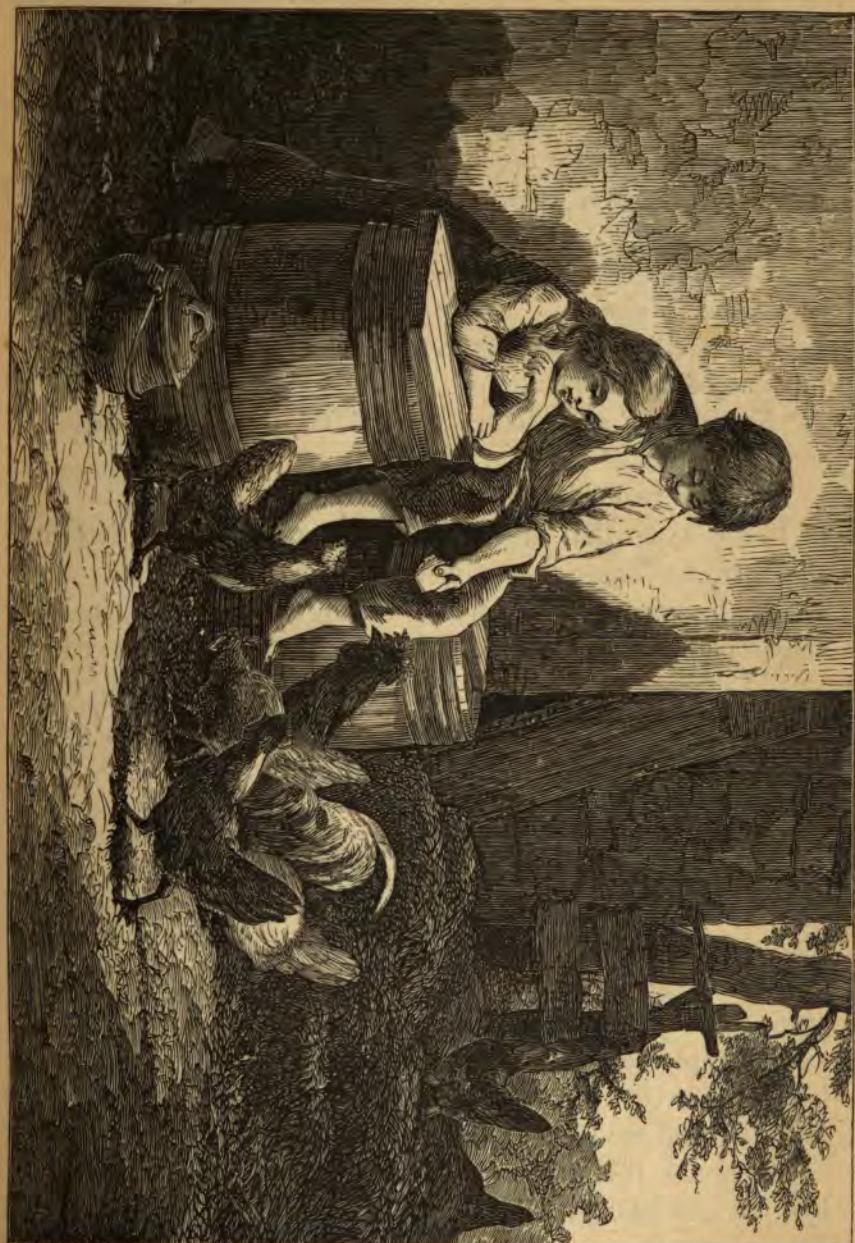
“ Don’t you worry, Mary,” said John. “ We sha’n’t starve. I know how to get a breakfast. You just get some sticks, and make a fire, and I’ll bring you a breakfast.”

Mary wondered what sort of a breakfast it would be. But she did as John told her to do ; and in about an hour, she heard John’s voice, crying, “ Halloo, sister ! ”

And then in came John with four nice fish he had caught in the pond. These were broiled, and eaten with a relish ; and, after that, the children talked of what they should have for dinner.

“ Let us have a dinner of blackberries,” said John.

To this Mary at once agreed. So they took a basket, and went to a field, where they picked as many as five quarts of nice plump berries.



A baker in a cart met them as they were crossing the highway; and the baker asked what they would take for a couple of quarts of berries.

"A couple of your apple-pies," said John.

"Here they are," said the baker, handing forth two nice pies.

"Now, give us a loaf of bread, and you shall have another quart," said John.

"Agreed!" said the baker. "You may take two loaves; but one of them is stale."

"No matter," said John. "We'll take the two. Thank you!"

Then the two children sat down on a rock, and ate one of the pies; so that they made a very good dinner without the berries. Those they saved for their supper.

The first day of their housekeeping was very much like the second and the third. The greatest trouble they had was in finding something for the pig to eat. At last they let piggie out to root for himself; and, what with the blackberries and snakes and insects, he contrived to pick up a very good living.

At the end of three weeks, a wagon stopped at the door, and out stepped the mother of the children, and after her the father, who, by good nursing, had been quite cured of his hurt.

What a glad meeting it was! Some kind people had given them a plenty of food to bring with them; but John said, in reply to a question from his mother as to how they had fared, "Oh! we've had a first-rate time; haven't we, Mary? And we haven't starved, have we?"

"I should think not," said their father; "for you both look fat and hearty. You have been brave, good children. I find I can trust you."

UNCLE JOHN'S DOG SKYE.



WHEN first I knew Skye, he was a young dog, and full of fun. He would run and jump and frisk, and look like a ball of wool at play; and no walk was too long for Skye then.

Skye was a good dog, and would do just as he was bid.

Sometimes Uncle John would say to him, "Sit down, Skye, and I will give you a bit of cake."

Down Skye would sit. "Beg, Skye." Up Skye would sit on his hind-legs. Then Uncle John would put a bit of cake on this little dog's nose.

And Uncle John would say to him, "Now, Skye, you must not eat that cake till I count six. Now: one, two"—

Skye would sit as grave as you please, his fore-paws in the air, and the cake on his nose. Then Uncle John would say, "Three, four, five"—

Skye would look hard at Uncle John, as much as to say, "One more, and the cake is mine." But he would not bark nor move; no, not if Uncle John made him wait a long, long time.

But when Uncle John said "Six," the dog would throw the cake up in the air, and catch it in his mouth, and eat it up; oh, so fast, so fast! It was rare fun to see Skye catch his cake.

Now, years went by, and Skye grew old, and he could not run and jump and frisk, and catch cake, as in times past; but he was a good dog and a great pet, for all that.

When Uncle John went for a walk, Skye went with him;

till one day Uncle John took a walk which was too long for Skye, and, when Skye got home, he was quite tired out.

Some time went by ; and then Uncle John and his girls went for the same long walk which had tired Skye so much.

“Stay at home, Skye,” said Uncle John ; but Skye did not want to stay at home, and, of course, he did not know that they were going to take so long a walk. So Skye set off to go with them.

By and by they turned into a lane. “Ho, ho !” thought Skye, “that is where you are going ; is it ? You may go by yourself then. I shall not go with you.”

But Skye did not want to show that the walk was too long for him. He thought to himself, “I can plan a trick by which they will not know I do not want to take so long a walk.” He was a proud dog, you see.

So Skye ran to a part of the lane by himself ; and then he stood still, and looked in the hedge ; and then he gave the earth a scratch ; and then he put down his head to smell.

He acted as if he would like to say to the folks, “I have got a rat here : I must catch this rat. You can go on for your walk, and I must stay and catch the rat.”

And, all the time, there was no more a rat in that hole than there is a rat in the room here. It was just a sly trick to hide the truth that Skye had found out that the walk would be too far for him.

For, so soon as he thought that his master had got out of sight, Skye set off to walk home by himself. But his master saw him for all that ; and Skye was found out in his want of truth.

Was he not a sly dog ? Yes ; and he did his trick in such a sly way, too, that you could not but laugh to see him hunt for the rat, when he knew that there was no rat there at all.



ON THE BEACH.

Lucy and Helen, Albert and Henry, had been down on the sea-beach, and had been having a good time. Helen had dug in the sand with her little spade, and the boys had found small creeks where they could sail boats made of chips or of pasteboard.

At last, as they were walking near some boats drawn up on the sand, they met an old fisherman ; and Albert asked him if he had ever seen a whale.

“ Hundreds of them, my little man,” said he ; “ and once I came near to losing my life by a whale’s carrying me under water.”

"How was that, sir?" asked Lucy.

"Well, my children, you must know, that, when I was seventeen years old, I went on a whaling-voyage. One day, when the sea was all calm, I heard a cry from the man who was up on the mast, looking out for a whale.

"'There she blows!' he cried; and by this he meant he saw a whale spouting water. 'Where away?' asked the captain. 'Three points off the lee-bow, sir.' — 'How far off?' — 'Two miles and a half.' — 'Call all hands.'

"All was got ready. The boats were lowered, and each boat's crew sprang over the rail into their boats. Then began the chase to see which should get first where the whale was now to be seen.

"The boat that I was in was soon nearer than any of the others to the whale. 'Now for it,' cried the man at the helm. 'A long pull and a strong pull,—that's the way. Don't give up. That whale belongs to us.'

"As we drew near, a man, with a harpoon in his hand, stood ready in the bow of the boat to hit the whale. But we were all disappointed that day; for the whale carried our boat under water, and, when we came up again, he had broken away, and was half a mile off. The sky began to threaten a storm; and we had to give up the chase, and row back to the ship.

"Sometimes a whale, when he is hit with a harpoon, will drag the boat through the water so swiftly as to put the lives of all the boat's crew in danger. Sometimes he will lash the waves so with his tail that the boat will be upset. Ah! 'tis a hard life, that of the man who goes after whales."

"I should think it a very cruel sport to harpoon the poor whales," said Albert.

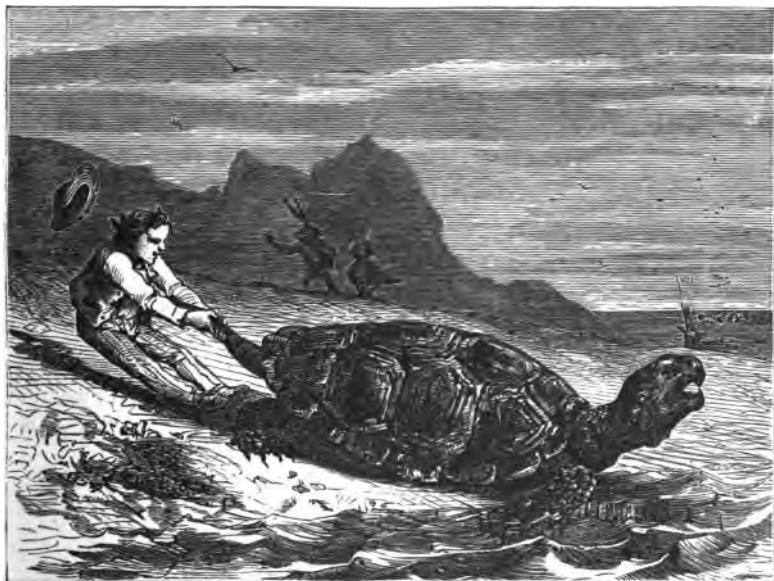
"It is not as a sport that we go after the whale," said the old fisherman. "Providence puts the lower animals under

our charge to use them for our wants; but be sure that Providence never meant we should give them needless pain.

“Once I used to go after turtles away down South, along beaches and inlets. You have seen a turtle, I suppose?”

Albert thought he had seen one, and asked if it did not look something like a tortoise. They had all seen a tortoise.

“Yes,” said the old fisherman: “a turtle belongs to that family. It has a hard shell, you know; and, if you turn it over on its back, it has very hard work to get back into its right position.



“Turtles leave the sea to lay their eggs above high-water mark, in the hot sand of the shore. Sometimes you may find turtles asleep on the water many miles from land. They dive well, and can stay under water a long time. A famous soup is made of the flesh of the turtle.”

The children stood listening to the old fisherman's stories till the maid came to tell them it was time to go back to the hotel where their mother was staying.

And then, when they saw their mother, they were so full of stories about whales and turtles, that she had to promise to buy them a book that would tell them more, much more, than even the old fisherman had told them. ALFRED SELWYN.



JENNY'S PIGEONS.

SEE those beautiful pigeons that Jenny's papa
 Brought home in a basket one day !
 Go nearer, and look of what colors they are :
 They are tame, and will not fly away.
 Some are blue, some are silver, some white, and some gray,
 Or a cream-color spotless and fair ;
 While some of the best are called tumblers, and they
 Turn head over heels in the air.

AMY BROWN



PRETTY POLL.

SHE is dressed in green feathers, with a gold crown on her head, and scarlet shoulder-knots. One of her wings is broken, which keeps her a prisoner. We found her in a saloon where they take pictures ; and, though Poll is thought to be a vain thing, yet she had not sat for hers.

The first night after we brought her home, she began to show off all she knew, in hopes of making friends ; and she has been learning new tricks ever since.

She calls "mother" so plainly, that it deceives mother herself into coming down stairs. She eats from the same dish with the cat, and pays him her respects by biting his tail when it comes in her way.

She screams, "Charles!" "Edward!" "Call the doctor!" "Come to breakfast!" and when any one overtakes her toil-

ing up stairs into the attic,—perhaps in order to perch on the ridgepole of the house, and take a bird's-eye view of the town,—she begins to chatter and scold, as much as to say, “There ! for pity's sake don't interfere with me : I'm not doing any mischief, and it has taken me two hours to do it ;” and then she laughs to cover her disappointment.

She is usually fed with bread and tea, from a teaspoon ; but sometimes she takes the spoon in one claw, and feeds herself. It is funny to see her walk across the floor, like a little lady with a green satin train ; or try to catch a fly, of which she is a little afraid.

If you call “Polly,” she sulks for a few minutes, and then thinks better of it, and answers, “What ?” She calls “Puss, puss,” and crows and whistles, and laughs like a waterfall. If you say, “Sing, Polly, sing,” she trills a measure which she has, perhaps, heard some housemaid hum about her work ; and she grinds coffee like a mill.

She is not fond of display, and will rarely do more than sing to a stranger ; and she greatly objects to having a light in her room after she has gone to bed.

M. N. P.



MARY HAS FILLED HER BASKET WITH FLOWERS.

THE NEST IN THE HAY-MOW.

Biddy flew up on the hay-mow, and built her a nest. Charles climbed up on the ladder, and saw it. By and by, there were six little chicks in the nest. “How can you get your chicks down from the hay-mow?” said Charles to the biddy.

But biddy only said, “Cluck, cluck!” I suppose she had never thought about it. So, one day, there was a noise in the barn; and Charles ran out to see what it was.

Biddy had flown down from the hay-mow, and left the little chicks all up there. Some were



running about on the hay; some were standing on the edge of the mow; some were flapping their wings, afraid to jump: they were all crying sadly.

Biddy kept saying, “Cluck, cluck!” and by and by one brave little chick flew down; then two more flew down; then the rest all flew down.



One poor chick fell on a hard spot, and looked as if he were dead; but pretty soon he jumped up, and ran after the rest. It hurt him some; but he did not stop to cry.

Biddy led the way to a green field; and, before those little chicks were much older, she had taught them to scratch for worms almost as well as their mother.



THE SEA-SHELL.

HOLD to your ear the beautiful shell :
Listen ! What does its murmur tell ?
Hark ! Does it echo the billows' roar,
As they roll and break on the sandy shore ?

Does it bring to your mind the tossing spray
Of waves that dance in the breezes' play ?
Or the quiet depths where the coral grows,
And never a ray of sunshine glows ?

Hark again to the beautiful shell :
 Does it speak of the ocean's stormy swell,
 Of the sea-bird's scream, of the rushing gale,
 Of the broken mast and the riven sail ?

Sights and sounds of the restless sea,
 Vast and gloomy, and grand and free,
 How they gather at Fancy's spell,
 Waked by the voice of this little shell !

H. W.



WINKIE AND THE MOUSE.

BLACK-EYED Winkie, a little five years' old boy, woke up in the middle of the night, not long ago, screaming with pain. He ran to his mamma's room, crying out, "O mamma ! there is a hot iron in my ear, or some boiling water : oh, dear, dear ! what shall I do ? "

His mother knew at once that it was the earache that distressed her boy ; for he had been out rather too long the day before, trying to make a snow-man.

She met the poor screaming boy at his nursery-door, took him in her arms, and tried to quiet him a little, while she put him in her warm bed.

Then she lighted the gas, and put some sweet-oil on a soft bit of cotton, and, after warming it a moment, pressed it down snugly in the little dark room in Winkie's aching ear. Then he cuddled down on his mother's arm, and after a few more twinges of pain, and a few more screams, he began to feel better, and only said, "Oh, dear, oh, dear !" once in a while.

Pretty soon, as it grew stiller, he heard a little nibbling

noise across the room. "What is that, mamma?" said Winkie. "Lie still and listen," replied mamma.

After a minute or two, the noise came again,—nibble, nibble, nibble. "It is a little mouse in the chimney, I think," said mamma.

"What is he up for in the night?" said Winkie. "Why doesn't he go to bed, like *bigger people*?"

"Perhaps he had the earache," said mamma, "and got up to tell his mother."

"Well, I hope she will put in some cotton, and cuddle him down in her bed, and cure the pain," said Winkie.

"Oh! I think she will," said mamma: "she will try to make her poor little Brownie feel better."

"Will she be as good a *mother-mouse* as *you* are?" said Winkie, laughing nearly as loud as he had cried. Winkie kept awake half an hour or more, talking about the mouse and its earache. So at last his own aches all went away.

He fell asleep, and dreamed he was climbing into a hole among the chimney-bricks, nibbling crackers; and that in his mamma's bed, cuddled down on his mamma's arm, a little mouse was just going to sleep with cotton in both ears.

MAMMA.





THE DANCING SISTERS.

COME, Nelly, the sunbeams are glancing;
And why should not we, too, be dancing?
See the leaves on the maple and cherry;
And why should not we, too, be merry.

Just hear the dear birds, how they twitter!
We'll mope not while gladness is fitter.
The honey-bees, too, they are coming:
Just listen, and you'll hear them humming.

Joy, joy, preach the birds and the flowers:
Oh! waste not these bright summer-hours.
See the trees and the sky and the river:
Be happy, yet think on the Giver.

EMILY CARTER.



THE PILOT'S BOY.

THE PILOT'S BOY.



OOK sharp now, little Jack ! Don't shut but one eye ! Take a bright lookout, and tell me what you see."

"I see the sky," said Jack.

"Is that all ?" said his father, lowering the glass a little. "Take another look, my boy."

"A sail, a sail !" said Jack.

"What do you make her out to be, my lad ?"

"A topsail schooner," said Jack.

"Why, you rogue !" said his mother ; "as though a little chap like you would know a topsail schooner !"

"Of course, I do !" said Jack. "Father taught me that long ago ; didn't you, father ?"

"Of course, I did !" said the father. "Don't you know, mamma, that this is a pilot's boy, and that he has got to learn to reef and steer as his father did before him ? Go now, Jack, and get on your shoes and stockings, and then come to me, and I'll tell you a story."

Jack went into the house with his mother, and came back in a few minutes, all nicely dressed, and seated himself on his father's knee.

"What I am going to tell you," said the pilot, "is about a rough old fellow who once lived in a cottage by the sea, just like this."

"What was his name ?" said Jack.

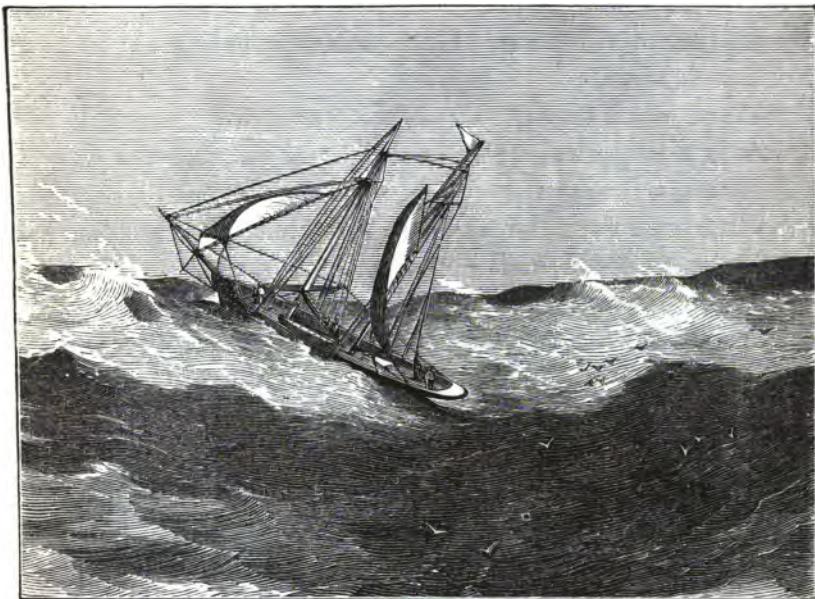
"I'm not going to name any names, my boy ; but this rough old fellow was just about my size. He had a nice wife, who was a great deal too good for him, and one little bit of a baby-boy."

Jack looked up at his father in a very knowing way.

"Well, this rough old fellow was a pilot, and he had to spend days and days cruising about the bay. He didn't mind that much, because, you see, he was used to it.

"But once, when he had been spending a few days at home, it happened that his little boy was very, very ill. Oh, how hard it was for his father to go away and leave him!"

"What did he go for, then?" said Jack.



"Ah, Jack! we have to do many things in this world that we don't like to do. Let me give you a lesson now. When it's your watch on deck, never skulk below. Will you bear that in mind, my boy?"

"Yes, father," said Jack.

"That's right!" said his father. "Well, this rough old fellow bore that in mind too. He wanted to stay at home with his wife and child; but what if a ship should go on the rocks for want of a pilot? It would never do for a pilot to

be staying ashore when his duty called him out in the bay.

“So this pilot got on board of his boat, and put out to sea. But, before he went, he rigged a flagstaff on a corner of his house, and hoisted a flag upon it. Then he said to his wife, ‘Mary, I am much worried about this little boy. I may be within sight of the cottage a good while, and yet not be able to hear from you. We must have a signal. While there's life, there's hope. Keep this flag flying as long as my boy is alive.’

“Then, when the pilot-boat was under way, a rough old fellow in a peajacket stood on deck, and watched the flag on the cottage, through a spyglass just like this. But the schooner sped over the waves so fast, that she was soon out on the broad ocean, and the cottage was no longer in sight.

“Three days afterward, the pilot was bringing a fine ship into port. As they drew near the land, he put his spyglass to his eye, and took a long look towards the cottage.

“The sky was not very clear. He could see the cottage, but could not make out the flag. His heart sank within him as he put down the glass; and he hardly dared to look through it again.

“But, when he looked next time, he thought he could see the flag fluttering. He was not quite sure: but he kept his eye on it; and at last, as the ship moved on, he saw plainly that he was not mistaken.

“He felt then like a new man. When the ship was safely anchored, he made his way to the shore, and was soon scrambling up the rocks in front of the cottage. His wife met him at the door with a happy face.”

“And did the boy get well?” said Jack.

“Oh, yes! and grew to be as stout and hearty as — well, as you are.”

“ Did he have a dog ? ” said Jack.

“ Yes : he had a dog just about as ugly as that dog of yours.”

“ How I should like to know that boy’s name ! ” said Jack with another sly look.

UNCLE SAM.



POTTERY-MAN.

PAT-A-PAT, pat-a-pat, pottery-man,
 Make me a pitcher, and make me a pan :
 Here is a penny to make me a plate ;
 I’m in a hurry, no longer I’ll wait.

Put a plum-pie in a pantry for me ;
 When I come back, I will have it for tea :
 Pile up a plateful, and, pottery-man,
 Pat-a-pat, pat-a-pat, fast as you can.

AMY BROWN.



ALL ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

WALTER has been to the circus; and there, for the first time in his life, he saw an elephant. He gave him an apple to eat; and the great beast put out his long trunk and took it, and slipped it into his mouth as quickly as Walter could have slipped a huckleberry into his own.

Then Walter and his sister May went up a ladder, and got on the elephant's back, and had a ride. They were delighted with his cleverness; and, when they came home, they made their father tell them what he knew about the animal.

“Do you know what an elephant once did to a tailor?” asked papa. No: they did not know. “Well, one day, in a city of Asia, where elephants are led through the streets, one of these animals put his trunk in at the window of a tailor’s shop; and the tailor pricked the poor beast’s trunk with a needle.

“Some weeks afterwards, as the same elephant was going by the same shop, he stopped, and drew up a quantity of

dirty water from a puddle into his trunk, and spirted it all over the poor tailor, who was at work sitting cross-legged on his bench. Was he not well punished ?

“ There was an elephant once in France who did not like to be laughed at. To a man who had deceived him by pretending to throw something into his throat, he gave such a blow with his trunk, that it threw the man down, and broke two ribs.

“ In one of our American cities, a few years ago, an elephant was exhibited, who had a great fondness for a dog. Some men who wanted to tease the elephant used to amuse themselves by pulling the ears of the dog, and making it bark.



“ One day, when they were in a barn, where the elephant was separated from them by a partition of boards, the men teased the dog badly ; whereupon the elephant knocked down the partition with two blows of his trunk, and drove the men off.

“ In India, a mother used to leave her infant child to the care of an elephant. When the child cried, the great beast would try to amuse it. When the child strayed off too far,

the elephant would put out his trunk, and gently bring the little thing back.

“Some troops, with cannon, once had to cross the sandy bed of a river. It happened that one of the men, who was seated on a wagon, fell; and the hind-wheels were near to passing over him.



“A tame elephant walking behind saw the danger the man was in, and, without an order from the keeper, raised the wheel in the air till the wagon had passed over the man without harming him.

“Once, in a collection of wild beasts, the tigress broke out of her cage, and bounded after the keeper to kill him. The keeper ran to the elephant, and told him to put him on his back. This the elephant did with one toss of his trunk.

“The tigress was in a rage at seeing the man thus put out of her reach. She drew back, and made another spring at him; but the elephant caught her midway, and hurled her with great force against the wall. Bruised and humbled, she gave up the fight after this, and slunk back quietly into her cage, without doing any more mischief.”



WHO IS TO BLAME?

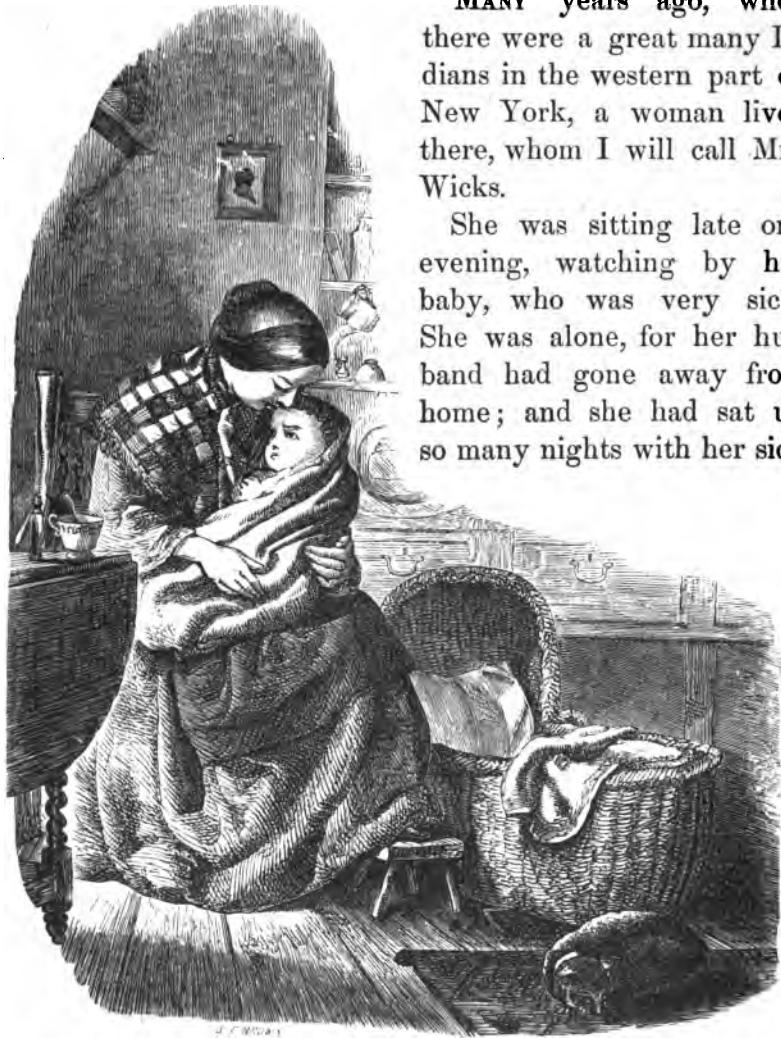
“Now, what can this mean ?
Who is having a ride
At this time of night,
With his eyes open wide ?
I left Johnny snug
In his own little bed :
Now see him high up
By somebody’s head !

“Come ! whom shall I punish ?
Now, who is to blame ? ”
Cried Johnny, “ Papa,
Papa, is his name.
He found me awake,
And watching a star :
So do not scold *me*,
But scold *him*, mamma ! ”

THE FAITHFUL INDIAN.

MANY years ago, when there were a great many Indians in the western part of New York, a woman lived there, whom I will call Mrs. Wicks.

She was sitting late one evening, watching by her baby, who was very sick. She was alone, for her husband had gone away from home; and she had sat up so many nights with her sick



child, that she was very, very tired, and could scarcely keep awake.

She heard some one knock at the door; but she did not

go to open it, for the Indians were sometimes very fierce and cruel to the white people, and she did not know who this might be: so she put her head out of the window, and asked, "Who is there?"

A great tall Indian, wrapped in a blanket, answered, "I want *snikee*." That means whiskey, of which the Indians were very fond.

"No," said Mrs. Wicks: "go away. My husband is not at home: I am alone with my sick baby. I shall not give you any *snikee*."

But the Indian would not go away: he was determined to come in.

"*Snikee!*!" said he louder than before, — "*snikee!*!"

Mrs. Wicks stopped and thought for a moment. She could not make the Indian go away; and, if she told him again that she would not give him whiskey, he might be very angry, and perhaps break down the door. She knew, too, that, though the Indians were often bad and cruel, it was much safer to trust them than to displease them.

So she went to the door, and opened it, and told him to come in. Then she took out of the closet a bottle of whiskey and a tumbler, and put them on the table, and said to him, —

"I have not slept any for three nights: I am very tired. I will lie down here on the lounge, and sleep: you shall rock the cradle, and, every time the clock strikes the hour, you may wake me, and I will pour you out a glass of whiskey; but you must not touch the bottle yourself."

She knew that as much whiskey as this would not make him drunk. The Indian nodded, and gave a grunt to show that he understood, and was pleased.

He sat down by the cradle, and began to rock it; and Mrs. Wicks lay down on the sofa. Was she not afraid to

leave her dear baby so with a wild Indian? No; for she had lived long enough among the Indians to know, that, if you trusted them, they would not hurt you.

So the Indian rocked the sick baby all night, and the poor tired mother slept. Every hour, when the clock struck, he went to her, and awoke her; and she got up and gave him "*snekee*;" and he kept his word, and did not touch it himself.

When the sun rose, he waked her once more, got one more drink, and then wrapped himself in his blanket, and walked away. Mrs. Wicks felt very glad that she had let him in; for she had rested so well, that she could nurse her baby much better than before.

This is a true story. Whenever you promise to do any thing, keep your word exactly, and then you will be always trusted.

ELIZABETH SILL.

LILY'S DOG.



My little friend Lily has a dog named Snap. He was given to her by her cousin James; and she has taken great pains to teach him. Sometimes he will come into the dining-room when the folks are at their meals; and then, if Lily says, "Go under the sofa, sir," Snap will go there; or if she says, "Go under the arm-chair, sir," he will go under the arm-chair.

If she says to him, "Snap, go and bring papa's boots," he will go and do as he is bid; or if she says, "Snap, go and get the basket, and come with me to the grocer's," Snap will bound off, in a state of great joy, and get the basket. Lily means to teach him many other things; for Snap loves to please her, and tries hard to find out what she means.

UNCLE CHARLES.



HENRY'S PRAYER.

HELP me, O Father! while I pray;
Help me to love thee and obey;
Help me to seek and find thy truth;
Pure and unspotted keep my youth.

Parents and friends and kindred bless,
And keep us in thy righteousness;
And may we, in the life to be,
Learn more of truth, and more of thee!

IDA FAY.



MORE ABOUT PARROTS.

HERE is a picture of a macaw, which is the largest of all the parrots. It is found in South America, and is known by its bare cheeks, and its long, tapering tail.

Its plumage is very brilliant. The principal species are the red, the blue, the green, and the black.

It is easily tamed, but cannot learn to talk so well as some of the smaller parrots,—such as we have had some stories about in “The Nursery.”

We have another good parrot-story, which was sent to us by a little girl in New Jersey, who signs it “Laura Yard, aged thirteen years.” We give it in her own words:—

“A friend of mine had a parrot that played a good many funny pranks. Sometimes he would go to the piano, and

step on the keys ; and, when they sounded, he would say, 'Goodness gracious sakes !' and everybody would laugh.

" My friend had a chair which she did not allow the children to sit in. One day, a lady came to make a call ; and, while waiting in the parlor, she was surprised to hear some one say, ' Get right out of that chair ! '

" She looked, but could see nobody. She was just sitting down again, when the same voice said, ' Get right out of that chair ! '

" Well, she did get 'out,' and took another chair ; but she was scarcely seated, before she heard the same voice, ' Get right out of *that* chair ! '

" She was about to leave the house, when she saw perched in his cage a parrot, and knew at once where the voice came from.

" Then she laughed, and told the story as a good joke."

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

I WILL tell you a true story of my nephew Willy, who is just old enough to read "The Nursery." He found a likeness of a man, in a book, the other day, and said, " Aunt Susan, is that a likeness of Uncle Charles, the good man who gives us 'The Nursery ?'"

" Why, no, Willy ! " said I : " that isn't Uncle Charles ; that is Shakespeare." " But, Aunt Susan, Shakespeare isn't as great a man as Uncle Charles, is he ? " — " Well, Willy, that is a hard question to answer," said I. " I doubt if Shakespeare has as many readers among little boys and girls. I can say that much."



AUNT SUSAN.

SIDNEY'S FIRST RIDE.

SIDNEY's first ride was on the back of a sheep. His brother John held the little boy on, while the sheep nibbled at the armful of grass and clover which Mary carried. There was a pretty lamb in the rear; but she would not let John put Sidney on her back.

There is a story about this good sheep, which I must tell you. The farm on which she lives is in the northern part of the State of Vermont. If you do not know where that is, you must get your mother, or your sister, or your teacher, to point it out to you on the map.

As you see the place in the picture, it all looks very pleasant; for the picture shows the place as it is in the warm summer-time, when the trees are in leaf, and the flowers are in bloom, and the ponds reflect the clear blue sky and the birds that fly over the water.

But once, when this sheep was a little lamb, it was the cold winter-time; and a great snow-storm came, and covered up the ground so deeply, that the kitchen-windows in the house which you can see in the picture were all hidden from sight. The storm had come on suddenly; and Mr. Lewis, who owned the sheep and the lambs, was away from home: so that they had not been put in the fold.

Two dear little lambs were out in a field with their mothers; and, when the snow fell thick and fast, they all huddled up against the side of a board-fence. But the wind drifted the snow over them, so that they were soon all covered up, and you could not have seen a trace of them.

When Mr. Lewis came home the next day, he asked John about the sheep and their lambs; and John told him that the last he had seen of them they were running about in the



five-acre lot, and, when the storm came on, he had forgotten all about them.

"Then they are covered up in the snow," said Mr. Lewis: "we must go and dig them out." — "But they will not be alive," said John. "I don't know that," replied Mr. Lewis: "I have known sheep to live several days under the snow."

So he called his good dog Wake, and they all went out into the five-acre lot; and Mr. Lewis turned to Wake, and said, "Now, old fellow, where are they? Where are Muff and Snowflake?" — for those were the names of the two little lambs.

Then old Wake pricked up his ears, and began running round over the snow, and smelling here and there. At last, he went up by the board-fence, and smelt about till he got near the corner; and then he seemed to be sure he smelt something, for he barked wildly, and began to scratch in the snow.

Mr. Lewis and John went up to the place with their shovels, and began to dig; while Wake kept scratching away with his feet as if to encourage them.

They had not dug three minutes in the snow, when Mr. Lewis cried out, "Old Wake is right! Here they are, safe and sound,—little lambs and all."

Yes, there they found them. Little Muff and little Snowflake had been kept snug and warm by their mothers, who stood over them, and prevented the snow from covering them wholly. They were all very glad to get out.

John told the story to little Sidney, and Sidney wanted John to put him on Muff's back and give him a ride; for Muff was now herself a big sheep, and strong enough to carry the little boy a long distance. She had not been harmed by being covered up a whole night in the snow when she was a lamb.

THE POPPY-HEAD.



BESIDE my door, in April hours,
I made a little bed for flowers;
And roots and slips, with tender care,
And many seeds, I planted there.
But now, in summer's golden glow,
What have I for my pains to show?
A single blossom in the bed,—
A common scarlet poppy-head.

My English daisies, rosy-tipped,
And tulips, by the frost were nipped;
My heart's-ease from a sun-stroke died;
A cut-worm ate my mourning-bride;
And Tommy's speckled hen scratched up
My pink and double buttercup:
There's nothing left to deck the bed,
Except this scarlet poppy-head.

But why should I complaining sit?
I ought to make the best of it.
My poppy is a pleasant sight;
In its red cloak it looks as bright
As if it from the fireplace came,
And all its leaves were made of flame:
Of all the thousand flowers that blow,
Where's one that makes a finer show?
Where's one that's gayer, than my red,
Tall, nodding, handsome poppy-head?

And though it by itself has grown,
And though to-day it stands alone,

Within its green top, hid from sight,
 Five hundred seeds lie milky white.
 They will grow ripe and brown and dry
 As summer's sunny days go by :
 I mean to gather them next fall ;
 I mean to keep and sow them all ;
 And if, next year, you visit me,
 Within my garden you will see
 Five hundred poppies flaming red,
 All children of this poppy-head.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.



Sit there, dear bird, on the bough, and
 sing ;
 Do not, I beg you, be too swift of wing.

The men making hay near by in the
 field
 Are all glad to hear the sweet music
 you yield.

In the cottage near by,
 An old woman I spy,
 And she loves your melody too ;
 And she would be sad but for you.

Sing on then, dear bird ! To each child like me,
 Say there's nothing so small,
 In this world made for all,
 But that of some use it may be.

IDA FAY.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

A TRUE STORY.

LIZZY's father went over the country selling medicines. He did not carry them in a pack like a peddler: he drove in a large wagon drawn by four white horses; and Lizzy and her mamma and Tom and Uncle Jack and the driver went with him.

The wagon was painted red, and covered with pictures of sick people taking medicines, or rubbing their limbs; and on it in great letters could be read, "THOMSON'S IMMEDIATE CURE."

Every morning, Lizzy rose early, and ate her breakfast at a hotel. Sometimes the landlord had no high chair, such as little children need; and poor Lizzy had to sit on a low chair, like the grown people.

As she was only four years old, her little head was just even with the table; and it was as much as she could do to reach the bread and butter, and to get the glass of milk. But she always sat patiently, and ate her breakfast as well as she could.

After breakfast, she put on her little hat and sack; and her papa lifted her into the high wagon, and off they drove. If it rained, papa put up the cover of the wagon. On pleasant days, Lizzy had a nice ride; but, on rainy days, it was pretty hard to sit all wrapped up, and ride ten or twenty miles.

The evening was the best part of Lizzy's day. Papa and Uncle Jack and Tom and the driver drove in the great red wagon all about town, and afterwards stopped in front of the hotel where Lizzy and her mother were.

Then Uncle Jack played the violin, and sang, "Paddle my

own canoe ;" and papa and the others joined in the chorus. Then they all sang "Shoo-Fly," or "Johnny comes marching home," or "Tramp, tramp," and Lizzy sat at a front-window, and heard them.

But papa and the rest did not sing to please Lizzy. Oh, no ! They sang to collect a crowd ; and, after two or three songs, papa began to talk about the medicines he wished to sell.



He said his medicines would cure every thing ; and he invited any lame or sick persons in the crowd to mount the wagon, and be cured. Then men with lame feet or hands would mount the wagon ; and papa would rub them and dose them, till they felt better, and bought medicines to take home.

Once a poor boy came to the wagon. He was very lame and very awkward, and the people laughed at him ; and Lizzy's papa blamed them for their cruelty. "Wait till he is cured," said he, "and then laugh."

It was a gay scene ; for the red wagon was lighted by three great lamps. And oh how loud papa talked ! and how hoarse he got sometimes ! while the people laughed, and clapped their hands, and bought the bottles, and handed over the money.

Lizzy enjoyed it all ; and sometimes, when it was not too cold, her mother let her go out on the piazza, where she could hear better.

She was a cunning little girl, and looked lovely wrapped in her water-proof, with her dark eyes shining out from the little hood that covered her head.

She had a doll that she always carried with her ; and once, when she came to the hotel where I was staying, she brought her doll, and had a grand time playing with my little girl.

Her visit was a short one ; for the red wagon was soon moving on again : but we all got very fond of little Lizzy, and felt sad when she left us.

Away she has gone to wander from place to place all summer. Good-by to the dark eyes and the golden hair.

Good-by, dear Lizzy ; and may the good Father care for his wandering child !

CELIA.



THE MOTHER OF THESE BOYS DOES NOT LET THEM PLAY WITH A BOW AND ARROW,
UNLESS SHE IS BY TO SEE THAT THEY DO NO HARM



A MORNING BATH.

FLUTTER, busy yellow wings!
Up and down the birdie hops;
One or two wee notes he sings;
Like a ball of gold he drops.
Little dashes,
Dewy plashes,—
That's the way the birdie washes.

Rosy, dimpled arms and toes;
Baby in his bath I see:
Come and watch the way he goes,
Like the birdie as can be.
Merry dashes,
Pretty plashes,—
That's the way the baby washes.

GEORGE COOPER.



THE STILT-BIRD.

THE stilt-bird takes its name from the great length of its legs, which are also so slender and flexible, that they can be bent a good deal without breaking.



Although it has such long legs, it flies much better than it walks ; but it finds itself most at home on marshes and swamps, in which it bores with its long beak for insects.

Stilt-birds are not found in America, and are seldom seen on any of the Atlantic shores. They are met with chiefly in the marshes of Russia and Hungary.

Did any of the little boy-readers of "The Nursery" ever walk on stilts ? If so, he must remember the stilt-bird when he next tries to make his legs longer by the help of stilts.

There is a tract of country in France where the ground is very marshy ; and here the men, women, and children often walk on stilts.

Would it not seem quite odd to you to see little boys and girls, mounted on stilts, picking their way through the wet places, on their way to school ? I should think such stilt-birds as these might make you laugh.

THE SOLDIERS' BATTLE-DAY.

A SONG.

Do any of the readers of "The Nursery" remember the story of "The Sailor Song," which Apthorp's papa used to sing to him as he carried him about in his arms, looking out through the window of the house by the sea? When they went back to their home in the city, there were no more ships to be looked at, nor sailors to be talked with; but Apthorp liked to be carried about just the same, with his cheek resting upon his papa's shoulder: so his papa made for him another song, which he called "The Battle-Song." It was about the time of the French and German war; and almost every day the newspapers told of the soldiers, the marches, and the battles. Here is the music of "The Battle-Song," with the words of the song itself:—



I. Rub-a-dub-dub! the beat-ing drum, The beat-ing drum, The beat-ing drum;



Rub-a-dub-dub! the beat-ing drum, On the sol-diers' bat-tle-day.

II.

Toot, toot, toot! the trumpet's note,
The trumpet's note,
The trumpet's note;

Toot, .oot, toot! the trumpet's note,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

IV.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! the horses' hoofs,
The horses' hoofs,
The horses' hoofs;
Clatter, clatter, clatter! the horses' hoofs,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

III.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the marching men,
The marching men,
The marching men;

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the marching men,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

V.

Flash, flash, flash! the sabres bare,
The sabres bare,
The sabres bare;
Flash, flash, flash! the sabres bare,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

VI.

Wave, wave, wave ! the banners bright,
The banners bright,
The banners bright ;
Wave, wave, wave ! the banners bright,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

VII.

Crack, crack, crack ! the musket-shot,
The musket-shot,
The musket-shot ;
Crack, crack, crack ! the musket-shot,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

VIII.

Boom, boom, boom ! the cannon's roar,
The cannon's roar,
The cannon's roar ;
Boom, boom, boom ! the cannon's roar,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

IX.

Wing, wing, wing ! the whistling balls,
The whistling balls,
The whistling balls ;
Wing, wing, wing ! the whistling balls,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

X.

Puff, puff, puff ! the rolling smoke,
The rolling smoke,
The rolling smoke ;
Puff, puff, puff ! the rolling smoke,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

XI.

Oh, dear me ! the wounded men,
The wounded men,
The wounded men ;
Oh, dear me ! the wounded men,
On the soldiers' battle-day.

As Apthorp's papa sang this song, with his little boy in his arms, he would march about the room, keeping step to the music ; and, by the time he got to the last verse, Apthorp was generally fast asleep, and ready to be laid down in his bed, this time to dream, perhaps, of the drums, the banners, and the marching men.

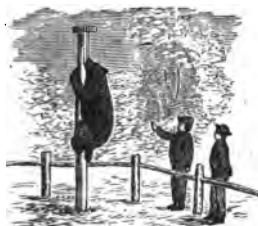
CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

EDWARD ABBOTT.



THIS FOOLISH BOY THINKS THE BOY HE SEES IN THE GLASS IS MOCKING HIM.

THE LITTLE BOY'S STORY.



ONCE I saw a little boy playing about the room where I was sitting. I said, “Come here, my boy;” and he came to me:

Then I said to him, “I will tell you a story if you will tell me one.” So I told him a story.

Then I said, “Now you must tell one.” So the little boy told me a story; and this is the story he told me:—

“Once I was going along, and I saw a bear. He had a chain around his neck, and was fastened to a pole.

“He was a young bear, that some one had caught in the woods. He



climbed up the pole, and stood on the top. I will show you how he stood on the pole."



Then the little boy climbed up into a chair, and stood just as you see him in the picture. He did this to show me how the bear looked on the pole. So that was the little boy's story.

This little boy takes "The Nursery," and some one reads the pretty stories to him; and I think he is one of the very best little boys in the world.

I hope he will study so well, that he will soon be able to read this story himself; for it is his own story, and he ought to read it. When he hears of the stilt-bird, I think he will want to get a pair of stilts.



EDDIE'S HORSE.

EDDIE owns a rocking-horse ;
And so he gallops away,
And plays that he rides to grandpapa's,
To help him rake up the hay.

Eddie owns a rocking-horse ;
It is nearly three feet tall :
So he gallops off to Marble Ridge,
And gives Aunt Fannie a call.

Eddie's horse has a mane and tail,
And a bridle fine and gay :
Never a cent does it cost for oats,
And never a dime for hay.

Eddie rides for Dr. Quack
When his sister's doll is sick :
If pony doesn't go fast enough,
Why, Eddie will give him the stick.

Should pony venture to run away,
Then Eddie will cry out, "Whoa!"
But should the pony lazily stop,
Then Eddie will tell him to go.

Every morning, the horse is groomed
 And dusted and brushed and fed ;
 And every night he is led away,
 And carefully put to bed.

Eddie loves his rocking-horse,
 And rides on him every day,
 And makes believe the horse is alive ;
 But that is only in play.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

AUNT CLARA.

GIRLS AND FLOWERS.

ONCE there were two little sisters,—Ellie, who was six years old ; and Fanny, who was four and a half. Their father, who went to Boston every day, often took a nosegay, which his girls cut for him, to put in a vase in his office.

One morning, as he was going through a dirty part of the city, he met three or four ragged little girls, who asked him to give them some of his roses. So he gave them one apiece ; and, when he got home at night, he told Ellie and Fanny what he had done with their nosegay.

They were much pleased. Little Fanny got her scissors, and started for the garden to get more roses ; but her mother persuaded her to wait till morning. So the next morning, and for a good many mornings after that, the two little girls were out in the garden bright and early, cutting pretty flowers for their father to give away to the little girls who had none.

He seldom had any flowers for himself when he reached his office ; and the first question Ellie and Fanny asked at night was, “Papa, did you see any little girls to-day to give flowers to ?”

M.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.



APPLE-BLOSSOMS bend the trees,
Like a snow-storm in the spring ;
On the wings of every breeze
All their sweetness scattering.

Swinging in the pleasant sun,
Don't they hear the birds that sing,
Now the building is all done,
Of their generous blossoming ?

Fair and white, like childish faces,
Crowds and crowds, a lovely band !
Lighting up the dullest places,
Glorifying all the land.

MARY N. PRESCOTT



THE SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.

THE SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.



ORA'S father used to go to sea. He was what is called a "skipper" but I think a better name than that is "captain;" for he was the captain of "The Daystar," a fishing-schooner, that sailed out of Gloucester on Cape Ann.

He loved his little Dora so much, that he did not like to leave her: but then she needed good warm clothes for winter, and she needed plenty to eat and drink both summer and winter; so her father had to earn money with which to buy clothes and food both for Dora and for Dora's mamma.

Unlike many little girls, Dora loved to play with boats. Wherever she could find a good deep puddle, she would take her little boat, and sail it there. When other little girls had dolls in their arms, Dora usually had a boat.

Dora was very fond of her papa, and was always sad when he had to leave her to go on a fishing-voyage. Once he went away, and did not come back at the right time. Every day Dora would go down to the beach, and watch; but no sign could she see of her papa's schooner. She used to know it by a red streak painted on its sides.

One day, seeing that her mamma had been weeping, Dora asked, "What are you crying for, dear?" The little girl used to call her mother "dear."

"I am crying for your papa, my child," said her mother. "We have had bad news from the fishing-grounds. There has been a great storm, and many vessels have been lost; and to-day I hear that your father's vessel is among them. We shall never see your poor father again, my little girl."

"Yes, we shall, dear: I know we shall," said Dora. "There,

don't you cry any more. You shall see him, dear. You shall see him very soon."

"But how do you know that?" asked her mother.

"I don't *know* it, I only *feel* it," said Dora. "I woke up last night, and felt it so much, that I was quite happy."

The mother kissed her little girl, and was quite cheered by her confident words. Still a week went by, and no papa came; and the mother once more grew sad.

Dora no longer went to the beach to look out for the schooner streaked with red. But when her mother said, "'The Daystar' was lost, and your father must have gone down in her, in that dreadful storm," Dora replied, "Don't give it up yet, dear. Papa will come."

How Dora knew that her papa would come, I cannot say. I only know that this is a true story, and that Dora proved to be right.

The next day, after sundown, as her mother was putting her to bed, Dora started up, and cried, "Hark! whose voice is that? Don't you hear him? He's talking to somebody. It is my own papa, my own papa!"

And, sure enough, a step was heard at the outer door: the door was pushed open; and in rushed the captain of the lost "Daystar," well and hearty, with a plenty of kisses for his little girl and her mother.

He and his crew had been saved in the long-boat, and, after some delay, had taken passage for home. "And the best of it is," said papa, "I am not going to sea any more; for I have found good employment on land, and now I can see little Dora and her good mamma every day of my life."

"I told you, dear, he would come back," said Dora, patting her mamma on the head. As for mamma, she tried to speak, but could not. Joy would not let her.



DIALOGUE.

“ HONEY-BEE, honey-bee, where are you going,
Humming about ;
Buzzing in briskly where lilies are blowing,
And then buzzing out ?”

“ Little boy, little girl, sweets I am taking ;
Then I’m away,
In the neat cells I’ve been busily making,
My treasure to lay.”

“ Butterfly, butterfly, what are you doing ?
Beautiful thing !
Fluttering over the bright purple thistle
On your swift wing ?”

“ Little boy, little girl, if I am beautiful,
Touch not my wings ;
Else all my beauty and grace will forsake me,
They’re such frail things.”

“ Humming-bird, humming-bird, what are you doing,
With your bright breast
Deep in the bell of the blue morning-glory,
Never at rest ?”

“ Little boy, little girl, honey I’m sipping,
 And drinking the dew ;
 Then o’er my tiny nest, humming and dipping,
 I hover for you.”

“ Busy-bee, fly to your hive with your honey ;
 Butterfly, rest ;
 Humming-bird, come to my flowers for sweetness
 To bear to your nest.

“ Through long summer-hours, in loveliest bowers,
 Spread all your bright wings :
 We will not harm you, nor ever alarm you,
 Beautiful things ! ”

H. W.



THE HUMMING-BIRD AND BUTTERFLY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and said, “ Beautiful creature, let us be friends.” — “ I cannot think of it,” was the reply ; “ for you once called me a crawling dolt.” — “ Impossible ! ” said the bird : “ I love and admire you.” — “ Perhaps you do now,” said the other : “ when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar.”

APTHORP AND THE KITTEN.

BACK of the house where Apthorp lived was a long and narrow yard, just like the yard of any city house. Here Apthorp used to play. In the next yard, there lived a little kitten. She used to play too. When she heard Apthorp at play in his yard, she would creep under the fence, and run after him, thinking to have a frolic.

But Apthorp was afraid of the kitten at first; and, when he saw her coming toward him, he would throw down his hoe, and start for the house as fast as he could run. Not till Mary came out, and drove the kitty back under the fence, would Apthorp go back to his play.



By and by, Apthorp got over his fear of the little kitten. His papa told him she would do him no harm. "If you run away from her, my little boy," said his papa, "she thinks you want to play with her, and runs too. If you turn ~~only~~ round, and march right at her, she will turn round, imper away as fast as she can go."

So Apthorp made up his mind that he would not be afraid of the kitten any more. He would chase her, he said, instead of letting her chase him. And the next time the kitty crept under the fence, all ready for a frolic, Apthorp seized his hoe more tightly than ever, turned square about, and ran right at her. He was only in play; but kitty thought he meant to hurt her.

Quick as a flash, kitty whisked about too, and disappeared through the hole under the fence. When she was safe on the other side, and as soon as she had got her breath, and persuaded herself that Apthorp had not crept through the hole after her, she said to herself, "What a terrible boy that is! How he frightened me!"



After this, however, Apthorp and the kitten became very good friends. She lost all fear of him, and he was very gentle with her; and many a nice play they had together. How much better it was not to be afraid of the kitten, and for the kitten not to be afraid of him!

WHY ?

“ RAIN, rain, why are you falling
Just when one wants to go out ? ”

“ Simply because the corn is calling :
Will you have me, or a drought ? ”

“ Brook, brook, why do you bubble,
When frosts will be here anon ? ”

“ Why, my dear child, should I borrow trouble ?
By and by, *frosts* will be gone.”

“ Snowflakes, snowflakes, why will you drift,
And whiten the fields of green ? ”

“ Because, dear child, but for my gift,
No green fields would be seen.

“ All the grasses would die at the root,
Killed by the winter’s cold ;
Daisy nor violet thrust up a shoot
From their bed in the frozen mould.”

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



TAKING THE WEATHER AS IT COMES.



THE FROG.

LITTLE Mary set out with her pitcher to-day,
Some water to fetch from the spring ;
And Johnny went with her ; but, while on their way,
They saw such a curious thing.
It lay there so still, that they thought 'twas asleep,
Half-hidden up under a log ;
But when Johnny touched it, it gave a great leap,
And then they found out 'twas a frog.

AMY BROWN.

MY BLACKBIRD.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived in a country-town in England, and had for a pet a caged blackbird. The English blackbird is a beautiful bird and a sweet singer. When full grown, he has a golden bill and a rich black plumage.

But my blackbird had neither golden bill nor black coat

when he came to me. He was only a few weeks old, and was all spots and speckles, just like a thrush.

He grew tame very soon. All day his wicker-cage swung in the trees ; and at night it was put in the hall.

But our cat eyed him so fiercely, that at last no place was thought safe for the little bird at night, but the corner of my bedroom. So his cage was hung there, and every morning I was awakened by his sweet notes.

Sometimes, if the door of the cage had been left open, I would hear his wings fluttering over my pillow ; and there he would sit and sing till the room seemed filled with music.

If I kept my eyes shut, and made believe sleep, the birdie would stop his singing, and give two or three gentle pecks with his golden bill on my closed eyelids ; and, when I opened them, he sang on, louder than ever, with quivering throat, as if pouring out all his delight in song.

It is so wrong to keep any of God's free-born creatures shut up for one's own pleasure, that I never could bear to keep any pets, if they wished to be free again.

Birdie would not have known how to feed himself, if he had been let loose in the winter ; but he got the full use of his wings by flights about the rooms, and, when spring came, his cage was hung in the wood with the little door open.

Very soon he flitted in and out, and sat singing on the trees. When we went to the door and called him, he came flying from the trees, and would alight on our fingers.

But by and by he made some blackbird friends, and flew away with them to the woods.

JANE OLIVER.





DON'T CARE, AND I'LL TRY.

Two children were playing together. Their merry laughter seemed to make the sunshine brighter. They were brother and sister. Childlike, the brother caught hold of his sister's necklace of beads.

In her struggle to hold them, the string was broken; and down fell the beads, and were scattered far and wide. Her eyes filled with tears; and, as she stooped to pick up the beads, she asked him to help her, or they would be lost.

"I don't care," said he, jeering at her, as she tried to hide her tears with her hand; and instantly on his shoulders settled the evil spirit he had called up, and he felt cross and bitter and disagreeable; and a frown came over his pretty face; and his little mouth drew down at the corners; and you would have hardly thought it was the same boy that had been playing so sweetly a moment before.

Meanwhile his sister, still crying, was hunting for the beads; but her tears blinded her so she could not find the half of them.

Just then, a bright spirit, named *I'll try*, passed by, and saw the boy's sad state. He was beginning to feel sorry for

his sister; but *Don't care* was still settled on his shoulders, and prevented him from helping her.

The bright spirit, seeing signs of repentance in him, touched the dark spirit, and it fell from his shoulders; and, to another appeal from his sister for help, he suddenly said, "I'll try."

And, lo! with the bright spirit's assistance, the beads were soon found; and the tear-drops rapidly dried in the sister's eyes as she and her brother once more strung the beads.

Boys and girls, always try and avoid summoning this evil spirit of *Don't care*. It would be much pleasanter to call to your aid *I'll try*. She comes with such a sweet smile, that, if you only *think*, you will always call upon her in your difficulties, in place of dark, gloomy *Don't care*.

Cousin Tom.



LUCY AND NELLY IN THE COUNTRY.

Lucy and Nelly are sisters. They live in a large town, where the air seems always smoky and dusty; but this summer they are staying with their Uncle Charles on a farm, among the mountains, where the air is pure and sweet, and the birds sing, and even the little brooks seem to be singing down the mountain-sides.

Lucy is eight, and Nelly is nearly six, years old. They have five cousins for playmates, besides two little kittens, Watch the good old dog, and three calves, or "bossies," as Nelly calls them.

There are some fine sheep and lambs on the farm; for Uncle Charles is very proud of his sheep, and takes care to get the best breeds. The picture shows one of his favorite sheep, with two little lambs, which are great pets of Lucy and Nelly.



The two little girls have learned all about making hay by watching their Uncle Charles and Cousin Daniel. They can tell you just how it is done.

“First,” says Lucy, “you must cut the grass with sharp scythes; then spread it so that the sun and wind may dry it well; then, when it is dry, rake it; and, lastly, load it on the hay-cart, to be drawn to the barn, and stowed away for the cattle to eat next winter.”

The children have fine times playing on the hay. Their cheeks grow rosy, and they fill the air with their shouting and laughing.

Then what fun to “tread” the hay on the cart, when it

comes up fast, and covers the children nearly all over! How they scream and laugh while scrambling out!

Lucy and Nelly never knew such pleasures before, and are happy all the day long.

EVELYN.



MY BABY-BROTHER.

I WAS twenty years old when this precious brother of mine was born; and I shall never forget with what delight I watched his little face grow beautiful, and his tiny fingers and toes grow larger.

When he began to talk, the first sentence he made was, "Inez's baby-brother." That was what he called himself; and I wish you could have heard him lisp it out.

He grew to be very roguish after he was two years old, and used to like to pull my hair, and run off with my spools and thimble, when I left my sewing for a moment. Then he would get into my lap, if I was busy reading, and hold both little hands over the page.

But he used to like best to tease grandfather when he found him asleep in his chair. Sometimes he would blow his little trumpet in grandfather's ear.

Then grandfather would laugh, and say, "Oh, you little rogue!" but he never scolded him, though I am sure he would not have liked to be waked up in such a way by any one else.

Grandfather used to teach "Mother Goose's Rhymes" to Charley; and we had great sport one day when grandfather had been teaching him "Little Jack Horner."

Soon afterwards, Charley came running into the parlor where I was sitting. "O Inez!" said he, "I can say 'Little Jack Horner.'"—"Can you, darling?" said I; "then let me hear you." The little hands went behind him in true schoolboy fashion; and, standing up to his full height, he began,—

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas-pie:
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, What a good boy was *granfaver!*!"

That was the way he pronounced *grandfather*. Such a shout as went up! The little rogue! Because grandfather taught it to him, he thought, of course, he was to say, "What a good boy was *grandfather!*"

INEZ.

WHAT WE FOUND ON THE SEASHORE.

It was a hot day in August; but there was a cool breeze blowing in from the sea. The tide had gone down; and the low rocks, covered with dripping seaweed, lay between us and the ocean.

“Let us go down on those rocks,” said Tom.

“We shall get our feet wet,” said Ellen.

“What of that?” said Tom, taking off his shoes and stockings. “Follow me if you dare.”

“I dare go wherever you do,” said Ellen; and off went her shoes and stockings.

Ann was not quite so bold; but she, also, took off her shoes and stockings, sat down on a rock, and made preparations to dip her feet in a pool of water.

Charles and I kept our shoes on; but we picked our way over the rocks, leading little Susy by the hand, while the barefooted children ran about and waded in the water.

All of a sudden, Barkis, our dog, spied something that seemed to put him in a great rage.

“What is it, sir?” said Charles. “Take hold of it, Barkis!”

We could see nothing but an old piece of a ship’s mast, wedged in among the rocks, and all covered with seaweed. There was a rope fastened round it.

“Yo, heave oh! up she comes!” cried Tom, seizing hold of the rope. He pulled up the old stick of timber, while Ellen lifted the seaweeds; and then we saw what Barkis had found.

It was a live lobster. The dog barked more fiercely than ever when it was brought to light; but he took care to keep a good distance off.



Barkis is a very prudent dog. He never attacks any thing unless it runs away ; and the lobster did not run a bit.

After we had had fun enough at poor Barkis's expense, we picked up the lobster, and carried it home. Tom said it was a green lobster to let itself be caught in that way. But, after it was boiled, it was as red as any lobster ; and each of the children feasted on a claw.

JANE OLIVER.



KATY AND CAPTAIN.



KATY is a dear little girl, only two years old. She has lovely blue eyes and golden hair.

At the house where Katy's grandmamma took her last summer, there was a big dog, called "Captain."

Captain was very fond of Katy, and she loved

dearly to pat him and play with him.

When her nurse took her out under the pine-tree, Captain would lie down close to her, and would growl if the other dogs came near.

Captain was a gentle dog, but he was also very greedy ; for one day, when Katy's nurse brought her a glass of milk, and set it down on the grass, old Captain put his black nose into the tumbler, and drank every drop.

Katy laughed, and thought it a good joke ; but I think Captain was very naughty. Don't you think so too ?

AUNT EDIE.



TAKING THE BABY TO RIDE.

HERE is a picture of a man and his wife starting off for a ride. The man looks to me like a stout, thrifty, good-natured farmer; though why he wears that soldier-cap I don't see, unless he is a captain of militia.

As to the wife, I know by her looks that she is a dear, kind soul, a good housekeeper, and a good mother. She has on her best bonnet, and it is certainly very becoming.

See how carefully she holds the baby, and what a sweet little darling it is! How it reaches out its little arms to its dear papa in the wagon!

There he sits holding the horses, with his whip in his hand. He is very proud of those horses; and well he may be. They are a fine pair of animals, well matched, well broken, and free from all tricks.

Perhaps they are not so fast as some horses; but for a

good, steady family span, warranted to stand without tying,
they cannot be surpassed.

Jump in now, my good woman, and let us see their paces.
You have put on the teakettle, and swept up the hearth.
You mean to make the old man comfortable when you get
home. How I should like to take tea with you!

Did I hear anybody say that the teakettle is set upon a
cricket, and that the fireplace is nothing but a table?
What nonsense! I see, as plain as can be, the fire and the
grate; and, more than all that, I see a *grater*. UNCLE SAM.



THE SONG OF THE HEN.

CLUCK, cluck, cluck !
Every day I lay an egg.
Cluck, cluck, cluck !
See me standing on one leg,
While I smooth my feathers down,
Both the yellow and the brown !

Cluck, cluck, cluck !
I'm fond of corn and meal.
Cluck, cluck, cluck !
If you don't watch me, I will steal
Any seeds that chance to be
Lying round me carelessly.

Cluck, cluck, cluck !
I have six eggs : hidden where ?
Cluck, cluck, cluck !
You can't find them, I declare !
And, if the eggs keep good,
I'll be sure to hatch a brood.

“ Cluck, cluck, cluck ! ”
This was the song of the hen.
Poor old fowl !
She'll never sing again ;
For a hungry fox had heard
All that she said, — every word.

BERTIE.

MY DOG SCOTT.

My name is Alice. I live in Portland. I have a splendid Newfoundland dog; and he is very knowing, and performs some very funny tricks. I will tell you about some of them.

A few days ago, my papa was in the woods picking some May-flowers, and Scott was with him. Papa had picked three large bouquets, and laid them down to pick some more; but, when he wanted them, he could not find them. After hunting a long time, papa told Scott to go and find the flowers.

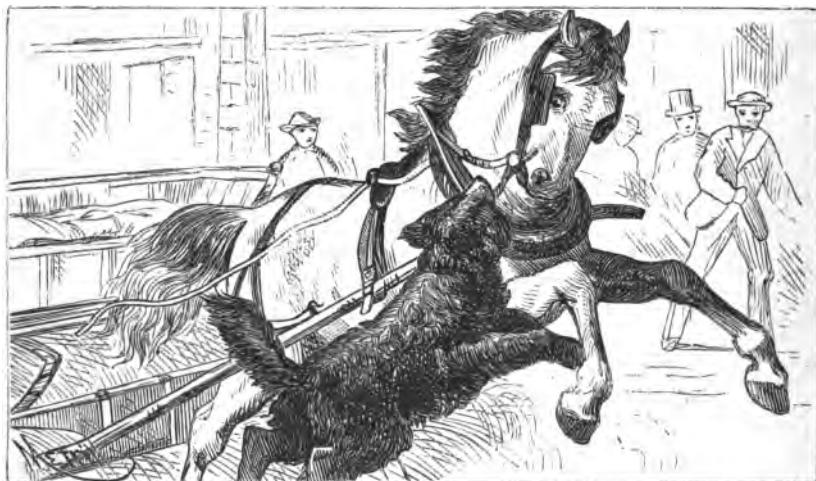
When Scott had been away some time, my papa heard him bark, and walked over to the place where he heard the noise; and what do you suppose he saw? There sat Scott with a large bouquet in his mouth, and the others lying beside him. Was not Scott a good dog?



My papa has a horse called Dixie. Scott is very fond of him, and, every morning, will run and kiss Dixie on his nose,

as soon as he sees him. He will follow Dixie all day long, running under the carriage just behind the horse.

Scott will not allow Dixie to go one step if there is no one driving. He will run in front, and bark; and, if that does not stop the horse, he will jump up and catch hold of the bridle, and hold on till he does stop. Scott will always catch horses that are running away. He has caught more than ten runaway horses this year.



Scott will shake hands with me, and jump through my hoop. He will find any thing that I have lost; and he kisses me, oh! so many times, every morning. He is very fond of the water, and will jump overboard every chance he can get.

In the summer, we often go to the Islands; and Scott enjoys the day very much, and is in the salt water about half of the time. My sister Minnie and I throw sticks in the water, and he will bring them to us; and if we tie a stone in a white cloth, and drop it in the water three or four feet

deep, he will dive down and get it. He takes great delight in playing with us in this way.

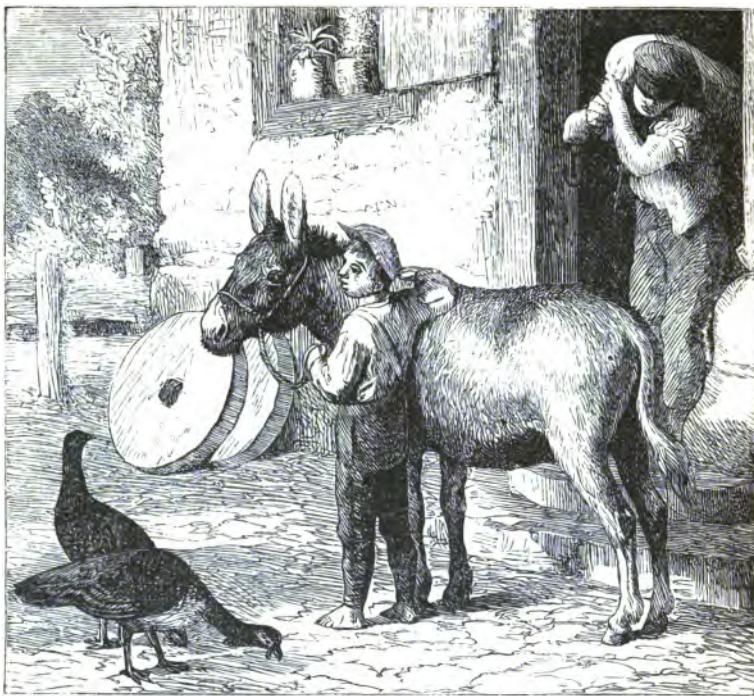
Last summer, Scott heard papa say we would all go to the Islands to-morrow. But I guess Scott did not understand just right; for he ran down to the steamer that same morning, and went down to the Islands the first trip the boat made, and staid there all day, and came back in the last boat.

I think Scott felt very bad because he did not see us; but he found plenty of friends to feed him out of their picnic baskets: for almost everybody in this city knows Scott; and they all pat him on the head, and say he is a good dog.

In the winter, papa will harness him into a sled; and I take the reins in my own hands, and drive him all over the city. He is a splendid-looking dog, and weighs almost a hundred pounds. Would you not love Scott, too, if he were your dog? I shall read this story to him. He knows that it is true; and he will not mind seeing his name in print.

Alice Maud.





A FRIENDLY TALK.

WELL, you are a good-looking pair of turkeys. What can I do for you? You would like some corn, perhaps. But the corn is all ground. What will you do about that?

“Gobble, gobble, gobble!” Yes, I dare say you would if you could get it; but I can’t open a bag of meal for you to-day.

Don’t bridle up so at that, madam. You needn’t take offence. I’m very fond of your family. I met your grandmother once at a dinner-party. Be good as she was, and everybody will like you.

You don’t like my talk, do you? Well, then, you can have a chat with my friend the donkey. He will be glad to hear from you while I am putting a load on his back. Here comes my master. Good-by!

THE BOY IN THE PICTURE.



HOW UNCLE PETER SAVED THE CHILDREN.

WALTER should have known better ; but he was always a rash boy. I will tell you what he did last month, at the seaside, where he was staying with his mother. He persuaded his two little sisters, Emma and Eliza, to go with him on to a rock on the beach, near the water's edge.

There they staid, playing in the sand, till, all at once, they looked up, and saw that the water of the ocean was all about them. The tide had come up, and crept round the rock, so that they could not get to the dry land without going through water ; and that they were afraid to do.

Soon the little girls began to cry. The sea-birds swept down near them ; and now and then a fish would come up by the rock as if he did not fear them at all. Walter told

the little girls not to make a fuss ; though he began to feel a little anxious himself.

All at once he cried out, “There’s a boat with some men in it ! But it isn’t coming this way. A man with a spy-glass stands at the bow. He is spying out something. Why can’t he look this way ? Halloo, halloo !”



Walter shouted as loud as he could ; and then the three children shouted all together : but nobody seemed to hear them. On and on went the little boat before a good breeze ; but not one of the five men in it seemed to take notice of the three children on the rock.

“What shall we do now ? Shall we have to stay here all night ?” asked Emma, the elder sister.

“ We couldn’t stay here all night,” said Walter, “ because, you see, the rock will be all covered with water at high tide ; and, if we don’t get off before high tide, we shall have to be drowned.”

“ I don’t want to be drowned,” sobbed Emma.

“ Neither do I want to be drowned,” said Walter ; “ but there’s no use in crying. Tears will only add more water to the sea, and there’s more water in it already than we want.”

The little girl stopped crying at these words, and took care that no more tears should fall from her eyes. She looked at Walter with surprise to see him so brave.

But the little fellow was sly : he had cause for his courage. The boat with men in it had sailed far away ; but not far off he saw Uncle Peter, waving his arms at him. Then he saw Uncle Peter take off his boots, and pull up his trousers. Walter well knew that all would be right, the moment Uncle Peter got sight of them on the rock.

Uncle Peter was a clever old fisherman, who caught fish for the hotel, where the children were stopping. He was fond of children ; and, having none of his own, he made much of those of other people. He had taken such a liking to Walter and his sisters, that he was on the watch for them a good part of the time, to see that they did not get into mischief.

“ I declare, there’s Uncle Peter coming ! ” shouted Emma with delight.

“ Uncle Peter ? Nonsense ! ” said Walter. “ Where’s Uncle Peter ? ”

Now, Walter knew very well that Uncle Peter was coming, and Walter ought not to have pretended that he did not see him. But he wanted to seem brave. Ah, Walter ! you had better *be* than *seem*.

“ Well, here’s a scrape, you little rogues ! ” said Uncle Pe-

ter, as he waded up to the rock, and took one child, and then another, in his arms. "Here's a scrape, indeed ! What would you have done if I had not been on the lookout for you ?"

Then, with his arms full of children, Uncle Peter waded back through the salt water, to the beach, and put them all down on the warm, dry sand, where their mother and father were waiting for them.

The parents kissed them all round ; and then little Emma said, "I think Uncle Peter ought to be kissed too." "So he ought, my dear," said her mother, laughing ; "and you shall give him kisses for all." So Emma gave Uncle Peter five kisses ; and Uncle Peter was so pleased, that his face shone like a jolly full moon.

EMILY CARTER.



WHERE IS HE ?

"Who has seen little Ray ?
I left him here at play,
Keeping a candy-store ;
Here are his pennies four ;
And here is his little red purse :
I'll go and ask old nurse.

"Nurse, where is Ray ?"
"Indeed, ma'am, I can't say.

He came in just about three,
 As wet as wet could be,
 From playing in the brook :
 I'll go and ask cook.

“Cook, is Ray hereabout ?”
 “He was ; but he has gone out.
 It's just about half an hour
 Since I found him with water and flour,
 Stirring it up to ‘make dough :’
 Perhaps the coachman may know.

“Thomas, is Ray with you ?
 Here's his nurse in a stew.”
 “No : he's just gone through the gate,
 I caught him riding black Kate ;
 She was tied fast, that's well :
 Maybe the gardener can tell.

“James, have you seen Ray ?”
 “No : I've not seen him all day ;
 I've to watch the fruit every minute,
 So many robins are in it.
 What's that that looks so red
 Bobbing round in the strawberry-bed ?
 Hallo ! Tom, cook, nurse, I say,
 Here's that little mischief, Ray !”

ELIZABETH SILL.



LITTLE WALTER'S NEW CART.

LITTLE WALTER had an older brother; and they called him Ned. Walter had no little carriage to ride in; and Ned thought he would try to make one.

So he went down to the store, and asked the man for a box. The man



gave him a nice box; and Ned said, "Thank you, sir!" Then he put it on his back, and went home.

Walter looked at the box; but he could not guess what it was for. Then Ned took a board, and made two wheels, and put them on the box: so the cart was all done.

Walter was so pleased with it, that he ran all about, like a kitten. Then he got into the cart; and Ned gave him a ride.

Every day he took a nice ride. It was a funny carriage; but Walter liked it just as well for all that.



Ned was his horse. He liked to drag the little boy, and took great care not to upset him; but Walter had to sit very still.

One day I looked out at my window, and saw Walter coming in his funny little carriage. By and by he opened the gate, and came up to the door. Then I heard him rap on the door.

I opened the door, and asked him to come in. Walter took off his hat, and sat on a chair. Mary was glad to see Walter; and she gave him a nice large red apple.



THE CHILD'S DELIGHT.

I HAVE a precious treasure ;
'Tis always fresh and new :
It gives me so much pleasure,
I wish you had it too.

'Tis not my waxen dolly,
That shuts her great blue eyes ;
'Tis not the silver medal,
Which was at school my prize ;

'Tis not my splendid play-house ;
Though that I like full well,
With furniture and dishes,—
Far more than I can tell :

But this is something better ;
For every month it brings
In pictures, rhymes, and stories,
All sorts of pretty things.

You'll find out on the cover
The place from which it came :
Now quickly send and get it ;
“ THE NURSERY ” is its name.

KATE CAMERON





HAZEL HOLLOW.

HAZEL HOLLOW.



ONCE there was a little girl named Mabel; and, one Saturday afternoon in autumn, she asked her mother if she might go with some of the school-girls to pick hazel-nuts.

Mabel was such a good little girl, that her mother did not like to refuse her any thing; and so told her she might go if she would take care not to get separated from her friends in the woods.

“Do not fear for me, mother mine,” said Mabel; and off the little girl tripped, and joined her friends, Susan Lane, Lucy Manning, and I know not how many more school-girls, — all ready for a frolic.

They walked two miles before they came to the place where the hazel-nuts grew in plenty; and then they all went into a low dell, or hollow, where the nuts grew thick, though the sunshine could hardly send one of its rays into the close bushes.

Mabel was so delighted at the sight, that she began to pick the nuts, and fill her apron with them; for, in her hurry, she had forgotten to take a basket.

She was so intent on picking the nuts, that she did not notice that the buzz of the voices of her friends was no longer heard. But all at once she looked round, and saw that she was all alone. No trace of one of her friends could she see. She called “Susan! Lucy!” but no one answered.

“You are trying to frighten me!” cried Mabel. “Susan! Mary! answer me! You have kept the joke up long enough.” But no sound could Mabel hear except the song of a distant thrush, and the tapping of a woodpecker on the trunk of a tree near by.

She now began to get distressed ; for Hazel Hollow was a dark and lonely place, and far from any house. Then, holding her nuts still in her apron, she climbed up out of the hollow, and found herself in a wood. She did not know which path to take.

She walked a few steps, when she heard a loud rattling noise. "Ah ! that must be a rattlesnake," thought poor Mabel ; and off she ran in another direction, and sat down on a rock.

But she had not sat there long, when she heard a growl that seemed to come from behind a bush. "What can that be ?" thought Mabel. "I'll not be afraid if I can help it" Then came a loud hissing noise, and then another growl.

"I'm not afraid of any wild beast that dwells in these woods," thought Mabel ; "for my mother told me that there were none here but rabbits and squirrels, and I'm sure they would run from me if they were to see me."

So Mabel picked up a stick, and was running round by the bush, when she stumbled over something that was alive, and that seized hold of her, and began to growl. It acted as if it wanted to scratch and bite her ; but it did no harm.

"Oh, you needn't try to scare me !" cried Mabel. "If you can't growl better than that, you had better not try to play the wild beast again. I know you, Lucy Manning ! And there are the rest of you hiding there behind the trunks of trees. Oh, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves !"

Yes : there were all the girls ; and I think they ought to have known better than to try to frighten a little girl like Mabel. They all came up and began to laugh, when they found that she was not to be fooled. It is not a good plan to play such jokes on children ; for, if Mabel had been a timid child, she might have been seriously harmed.



IN THE ORCHARD.

Down in the orchard we love to run,—
Kitty and Prince and I :
The grass is soft and hot in the sun
As we race along, and have such fun,
And scatter the hay so dry !

Prince rolls over and over with glee,
And scampers with sticks and stones ;
Puss scrambles up into every tree,
And sits on the boughs, and looks at me,
As I lie on the grass alone.

Birds fly up from the shady ground,
And chatter and chirp and scold ;
Prince runs after, and barks at the sound,
Till my ears are stunned, and my head goes round,
And I wish he were not so bold.

The sunlight flickers through leaf and spray,
And speckles the earth with gold.
I lie at rest on the fragrant hay,
And watch the clouds as they sail away,
And dream and dream till the close of day,—
A dream that is never told.

CAROL.



THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

WHEN the famous Robert Bruce was made king of Scotland, he had to fight many battles to maintain his right to the throne.

At first he lost every battle. His army was dispersed; and the king was driven to the wild hills of Carrick, where he wandered from place to place to escape the pursuit of his enemies.

Once, as he was walking alone, he came at midnight to a

poor hut with a thatched roof. It was in such an out-of-the-way spot, that he thought he might spend the night there. He threw himself on a heap of straw, and tried to sleep.

But sleep did not come to him. So he lay with his hands under his head, looking up at the rafters, covered with cobwebs, and thinking over his troubles. Weary as he was, his sad thoughts kept him wide awake.

No wonder that the poor king was sad! He had tried and tried to win a victory, and had failed again and again. He was likely now to lose both his crown and his head. He was in despair, and was on the point of saying, "I'll try no further. I'll give it all up."

Just then, he was attracted by the movements of a spider above his head. The spider wanted to get from one rafter to another, and tried to do so by spinning a thread, and swinging from the end of it. It tried, but failed.

"Just like me!" thought the king.

The spider tried again; but again it failed to reach the opposite rafter.

"I have tried again, and failed too," said Bruce to himself.

But the spider would not give it up. It tried again; and again it failed.

Would it abandon the attempt? Bruce was eager to ascertain. He thought he saw in this spider's efforts a kind of picture of himself and his plans: so he closely watched the persevering insect.

Twelve times did the little creature try. *Twelve* times it failed. Not disheartened, it tried again, and this time was successful.

"The thirteenth time," said Bruce, springing to his feet: "I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life for the independence of my country.

Did Bruce try again ? And did he succeed at last ? Read the story of the battle of Bannockburn, and there you will find the answer.

“ Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, ‘ I can’t : ’
’Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the ‘ spider and king.’ ”



THE CRICKET'S SONG.

WHAT does the cricket sing,
Chirping all day long ?
“ Summer flies on fragrant wing,
Autumn’s in our song.

By and by leaves will turn,
Red and golden first ;
Sumachs, too, begin to burn ;
Hazel-burrs to burst.

Rose-trees have gone to seed,
Lilacs have forgot
All their perfume ; and the reed
Sighs, but blossoms not.

Frosty odors in the air
Hint of snow to come ;
Golden-rod blooms everywhere ;
Singing-birds are dumb.”



AUTUMN LEAVES

THE leaves, they are falling, falling, falling :
Red, brown, and yellow, I see them fall.
The birds, they are calling, calling, calling :
Swallows old and young, I hear them call.
Come, Mary ! Come, Jamie ! Come, Harry and Kate !
See the leaves and the swallows : come, do not be late.

The warm days, they are going, going, going :
 Come, mount the hill with me before they go.
The little brooks are flowing, flowing, flowing ;
 But very soon they all will cease to flow.
For the leaves are falling, falling ; the swallows flying, flying ;
And soon the winds of winter will be sighing, sighing, sighing.

The autumn bees are humming, humming, humming :
 Soon they will be silent all and still.
Said the children, " We are coming, coming, coming :
 Wait there for us, Uncle Charley, on the hill.
Come summer, come winter, come heat, or come snow,
We're bound to be merry wherever we go."

UNCLE CHARLES.

LITTLE QUARRELS.

WILLIE and Georgie were two little brothers who loved each other ; but, like many lovers, they sometimes had their quarrels. One day, their mother told them to say a verse of poetry, or to count ten, when they got angry with each other. " Oh ! I don't see what good counting ten would do," said Georgie.

" And the more verses I said, the crosser I should grow," thought Willie.

But once, as they were playing cars in the nursery, running trains from each corner of the room, Willie wanted *his* train to start first: Georgie said *his* train was due at the west corner before Willie's. Willie wanted his train to be the express, and Georgie wished his to be the express.

Georgie said that his train should stop at Cribville ; and

Willie thought it ought to stop at Gratetown, and coal up, so that *his* cars could reach Cribville first.

So they fell to disputing; and Willie got red in the face, and said, "You shall!" and Georgie said, "I sha'n't." And Willie was just lifting his hand to give a blow, and Georgie was about to set his angry foot upon his brother's toy-cars, and destroy them, when their mother's advice came to them, in a flash.

"May I govern my passions
With absolute sway,"

cried Willie, bubbling over with wrath and repentance,

"And grow wiser and better
As life wears away."

"One, two, four, six, ten!" lisped Georgie; and then they both burst out laughing as if they would die, and there was no more quarrelling on that day.

M. N. P.



LITTLE TIM AND UNCLE TIM.

UNCLE TIM and little Tim are great friends. Uncle Tim likes little Tim because he was named after him. Little Tim likes Uncle Tim because he is always willing little Tim should have his own way. So they get along nicely together.

Uncle Tim is a carpenter. The other day he was making a fence in front of the house, and little Tim went out "to help." Any one else would have said he would be in the way; but Uncle Tim said, "That's right, little Tim, come on!"

By and by Uncle Tim lost his gimlet. He looked for it a long time without saying any thing. At last he said to little Tim, who was sitting on a stick of timber, and whittling a board, " Hop up a minute, and let me see if you are sitting on my gimlet ! "

Little Tim looked up before he hopped up ; and then, instead of hopping up, he lay down, kicked up his heels, and laughed. for he saw the gimlet.



There it was in Uncle Tim's mouth, and Uncle Tim did not know it. Uncle Tim often carried his pencil in the corner of his mouth, and he had not once thought that it was his gimlet this time ; and so little Tim laughed at Uncle Tim.

At night, little Tim went on an errand, and was late at supper. He had to eat alone. By and by Uncle Tim came into the room.

" Where are you, little Tim ? " said he.

" Here."

" Where ? "

“Under the table.”

“What are you doing down there?”

“Looking after my cheese.”

“Do you find it?”



“No: I don’t see where it could have gone. The last I knew of it, it was on the edge of my plate.” Uncle Tim held the light down for little Tim. There was no cheese there.

“Well, I suppose I must have eaten it,” said little Tim. He had, sure enough; and so Uncle Tim laughed at little Tim; and they both laughed at themselves and each other.

ELIZABETH HAWLEY FENN.

THE LOCUST.

LEAVES are turning purple,
Orange, too, and red;
Skies are growing hazy;
Buttercups are dead;



Still is every beetle,
 Grasshopper, and gnat:
 But the locust is a chatterbox,—
 Chatter, chatter, chat!

Sheaves are on the upland,
 Standing in a row,
 Nodding us a “good-by”
 Just before they go ;
 Ripened nuts are falling
 Round us pitter-pat:
 Will the locust never, never, end his
 Chatter, chatter, chat ?

Bees were grumbling fellows,
 With never much to say:
 This is what the locust
 Tells us all the day,—
 “Sunny days are going,
 Children, mind you that !
 So, come ; enjoy them while you can,—
 Chatter, chatter, chat !”

GEORGE COOPER.

THE ROBIN'S STORY.



I BUILT me a nest
On the great beech-
tree, —
As cosey a nest
As ever could be.
I wove it with threads
To the beech-tree bough;
And three little birdies
Are sleeping there now.



One day, as I sang
My “cherry - chee -
chee,”
A spry little squirrel
Sprang up in the tree.
I thought he was coming
Right up on the bough:
It makes my heart tremble
To think of it now.

I flew like an eagle
Straight down through
the air;

And soon he was run-
ning,

He could not tell where.

I pecked him and pecked him,

And flew in his track:

He'll stop to think twice

Before he comes back.

w. o. c



" GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER, WHERE SHALL WE WANDER?"

THE KITTENS.

"O PAPA!" said Emma, running up to her father one day: "our old cat has got five dear little kittens. Isn't it nice?"

Much to Emma's surprise, her father did not seem to be pleased at all. He was not fond of cats.

"Well, my dear," said he, "I think they had better be disposed of. One cat in the house is enough."

"But these are not cats," said Emma. "They are cunning little kittens; and I don't want to have them disposed of."

Here Emma's mother put in a word. "They will soon grow up to be cats," said she. "We cannot keep five more cats. We must get rid of three or four of them at once."

But Emma wanted to keep them all. Five kittens, she said, were none too many. There was one for herself, one for little Ann, one for Johnny, one for the baby, and one for the old cat. What could be nicer?

In spite of Emma's entreaties, in which the other children joined with great clamor, papa insisted upon it that the kittens must be "disposed of." What did he mean by that? I heard him say something to Patrick the man-servant about chloroform. Could that have had any thing to do with it?

I don't know. But, if Pat was expected to "dispose of" those kittens, he had a wonderful knack at forgetting it. He had a tender heart, and he was very fond of the children. He had a great deal to do. How could he think of every thing?

So day after day passed, and the kittens were not disposed of. The children made them such pets and playmates, and grew so fond of them, that even papa had to give in at last, and accept them as members of the family.



THE KITTENS.

Look at the picture, and you will see the children and the kittens having a good time together. There is the baby comfortably seated on the pillows: she and Johnny have a kitten between them. There is Emma with a kitten in her arms; and there is little Ann hurrying down stairs as though she was afraid the kittens would all be "disposed of" before she gets there.

What is Emma saying? Hark! This is it:—

"Now, kitty, you are more than three weeks old, and you ought to know your name. Look me right in the face while I tell it to you. Your name is 'Floss.' Will you remember it? Say *Mew*, and I shall know that you mean yes. That's right: you are a good kitten."

So each of the kittens has a name given to it by Emma. The two that sit by their mother's side, washing their faces, are Pet and Spot; the thoughtful little kitty sitting by herself is Tabby; and the one that Johnny and the baby are making much of is Downy.

I think this is a fine lot of kittens, and hope they will all live to grow up, and be a credit to their mother.

Now, here comes Susan with a pail of milk on her head; and we must give some milk to the kittens, for they have all been good.

UNCLE SAM.





VACATION IS OVER.

It was the last Saturday of their vacation when John and James went out in the fields together. They had been helping the men get in their second crop of hay; and James had been using a rake, and John a pitchfork.

Then they took a basket, and went in search of blackberries. By the border of a little brook they sat down on the dry grass, and rested themselves a while.

“Don’t you wish vacation would last all the year?” asked James as he lay at full-length — face down, and feet up — on the grass.

“We should get tired of such a vacation as that, I’m thinking,” said John. “You know what the old song says?”

“No, I don’t,” said James. “What does the old song say?”

“It says, ‘that all work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy;’ but that ‘all play, and no work, makes him a’” —

Before John could finish what he was going to say, an old man came up to them, and asked, “Boys, can either of you read a letter for me? I have a letter from my daughter in Ohio; and my eyesight is so poor, that I can’t read it.”

Now, I am sorry to say that neither John nor James had yet learned to read handwriting ; and so they had to tell the old man that they could not read his letter for him.

He turned away disappointed ; but just then a small boy, named William Grant, came up to play with the boys. William was not so old as either of them by a full year ; but when the old man asked, "Can *you* read this letter for me, my lad ?" William replied, "If it is in plain English, I think I can read it for you. I'll try."

He took the letter, and, without any hesitation, read it aloud from beginning to end.

When he had finished, James said to John, "I am glad that vacation is over. I think we both of us need a little more schooling."

"So do I !" said John ; "and I feel that William here has a better right to play than we have ; for he has worked harder at his books."

"But I can't spare you now," said William : "you must come with me and have one more good frolic before we go back to school."

So the boys went into the wood near by, and had a good time playing "hunt the bear ;" a game William taught them.

"Next winter," said William, "I will show you some good sport on the ice. You shall see me push my sister along on her new sled."

SANDY BAY.



A PRESENT FOR JOHNNY.

ANN has a present for her little brother John. She wishes to surprise him with it.

It is on a chair, covered with a cloth. Ann points to it, and tells John to guess what it is.



The little boy does not know what to say.

“It is for you, Johnny,” says Ann.
“Now give a good guess.”

“Is it a kitten?” says John.

“No: guess again.”

“Is it a lamb?”

“No.”

“A dog?”

“No.”

“What can it be?”



“Look!” says Ann, lifting up the cloth.

Johnny looks with all his eyes. He sees what it is. It is the very thing he wants most.

It is a horse. It has a long tail and a mane. It has ears. It has four legs.

It has a saddle and a bridle. And it goes on rollers.

Johnny sees all these points in less than half a minute. His joy comes out in one word,—

“Splendid!”

As to Ann, she is as much pleased as he is, when she sees how happy she has made him.

JANE OLIVER.





NELLY AT THE PUMP.

SEE Nelly at the pump! She has persuaded her sister Julia to pump for her. Julia was not tall enough to reach the pump-handle: so the children turned an old tub upside down; and then Julia mounted it, and pumped. Take care, little girl, or you will have a tumble.

Now, Nelly had seen a man put his hand to the nozzle of the pump, and drink: so she thought she could do the same. But, in trying to do this, the water came down her neck, splash, splash, splash, and wet her dress so, that she ran crying into the house; and her mother had to leave her work, and put dry under-clothes on her little girl.

IDA FAY.



OUR DOG.

His name is Bingo. My papa bought him when he was a very small dog,—so small, that I could carry him in my apron; but now he has grown so much, that he weighs more than fifty pounds.

We live in Washington during the winter; but, when warm weather comes, we go North. When we were going away last spring, papa thought it would be best to send Bingo by express.

So we tied a ribbon around the dog's neck, and wrote on it, "Please give me a drink;" and the next day my uncle put him on board the train.

Papa had left Washington the day before. When he was going to the steamboat in New York, he met a man on the dock, leading Bingo with a rope. Papa gave a whistle; and away jumped the dog to meet him, pulling the rope away from the man.

At first the man did not know what to make of it; but papa told him that the dog had met his owner. As to Bingo, he was so glad to see papa, that he kept jumping up and down for some time.

We think he is a very wise dog. He is fond of meat, but does not like bread; sometimes my sister Emma will give him a piece of bread. Then he will take it in his mouth, walk around the corner of the house, drop it in the grass, and come back for something better.

Emma will think he has not eaten it; and she will say, "Bingo, eat that bread." Then he will drop his head very low, and go and pick up the bread, and bring it back, so that she can see him eat it. Sometimes, after he has done so, Emma will give him a piece of meat.

I am a little girl, and my name is

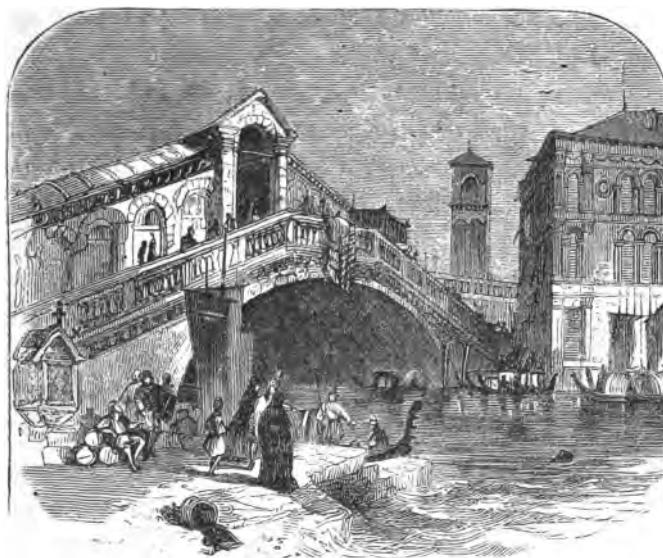
HORTENSE.

VENETIAN DOVES.

Did you ever hear of Venice? I lived there once; and I have a little boy who was born there. He likes very much to hear about his native place. Come with me now, and we will all take a trip to Venice together.

It is a beautiful city ; but it is far away from here. To get to it, we must first take a long journey — rattle, rattle — in the cars ; then we must take passage in a steamship, and spend days and days on the broad ocean.

We shall hear the steam puff, puff, puff, day and night, making the paddle-wheels go around with a clash and a clang. We shall be very seasick, perhaps, and very sick of the sea ; but in about a fortnight, if all goes well, we shall reach the other side of the ocean.



Then we shall have to make another long journey by rail, — rattle, rattle rattle ; and so, after a while, we shall get to Venice.

What a strange city it is ! All the streets are water. The front-door steps come down to the water. If you wish to ride, you must go in a queer-looking boat called a “gondola.”

If you wish to walk, you must go behind the houses, through lanes so narrow, that you and your brother and sister could not walk in them side by side.

I think, if you were in Venice, the first thing you would go to see would be the beautiful square of St. Mark's. This is a great open square, paved like a street, and surrounded by elegant buildings.

On one side of the square is a splendid church, which is ornamented with figures of saints carved in stone, and has in front some great bronze horses. And what do you think? — all around these saints and horses, and in every niche and corner of the church, are the nests of doves.

Yes: there are hundreds and hundreds of doves; and at twelve o'clock every day, when all the bells in the city ring, they fly to a window on one side of the square, where a box filled with grain is put out for their dinner.

One day when we were there, the bells were not rung, because it was a Fast-day; and, when we went to the square, the poor hungry doves were fluttering about, very unhappy because they did not hear the bells.

It was two o'clock before they went to the box for their dinner. Do you think you could find your dinner if you did not hear a bell ring?

The Venetians are very fond and proud of the doves, and will allow no one to kill them, or frighten them in any way. And very pleasant it is to go to the square, and feed them with corn, which they will come and take from your hands.

The little children often go and feed the doves.

On a warm spring day I listened to their soft cooing, until it seemed to make a little rhyme; and I thought I heard them say, —

Coo, coo! be good and true;
Coo, coo! we all love you.



OUR LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

Who is it, now, that tears her frocks ?
Who takes the keys from out the locks ?
Who at the door so slyly knocks ?
It is our little Chatterbox.

Who hides her baby-brother's socks ?
Who tips the chair when grandpa rocks ?
Who litters up the floor with blocks ?
It is our little Chatterbox.

Who puts her fingers in the crocks ?
Who oft attempts to stop the clocks ?
Who by her varied mischief shocks ?
It is our little Chatterbox.

KATE CAMERON.

THE DOG WHO RANG FOR HIS DINNER.



IN France there was once a little dog whose name was Fido. He belonged to a poor woman who did not always have food enough to give him.

Fido must have thought it over to himself much in this way : “ My mistress loves me ; but she is so poor, that often she does not have food enough for her own dinner. How, then, can she afford to give me mine ? I am a strong dog, and a wise dog too ; and I must get my dinner without troubling my good mistress.”

Not far from the place where he lived, there was a convent, which was the home of some good nuns : and one day, as Fido sat near by in the sun, he saw a beggar go and ring the bell of the convent-door ; and soon a woman came, and brought a bowl of soup and meat, and gave it to the beggar.

Fido trotted up and looked in the beggar’s face, as much as to say, “ Couldn’t you spare one of those bones ? ” But the beggar did not see things in the light that Fido did. “ Go away, sir ! ” said the beggar : so Fido trotted back to his place in the sun, and lay down.

But he was very hungry. He had not had any thing to eat for twelve hours. The beggar over the way, as soon as

he had eaten his food, put the bowl in a hole over the door, and then walked off.

“Those must be good women to give food to beggars,” thought Fido. “I wonder if they wouldn’t give *me* a bowl of soup. There’s nothing like trying.”

So Fido trotted across the street, and, putting up his paw, rang the bell. “Ding, dong, ding!” What a noise he made!

“There’s another beggar after food!” thought the good nun; and out she came with a plate of boiled meat, and looked round. “There’s nobody here, after all!” said the woman, shutting the door.

“She calls me nobody,” thought poor Fido. “I must try again.” So he jumped up, and rang the bell once more. “Ding, dong, ding, dong!” It made a much louder noise than before.

But nobody came. The woman stood watching at a back-window to see who was ringing the bell. Fido waited a while; and then jumped up again, and gave the bell a good pull.

Then the woman came out, and laughed to find that a dog had been ringing the bell. “What do you want, sir?” asked she. “Bow, wow, wow!” said Fido. “I know what that means,” said the woman: “you want some dinner.”

So she gave the dog some dinner; and, every day after that, he would come at a certain hour, and ring the bell, and the woman would feed him; and one day she put some food in a basket, and said, “Now, sir, take that home to your mistress.”

And the dog took it home safely; and his mistress had a good dinner that day, as well as Fido himself. Folks would come from a great distance to see him ring the bell for his dinner. I would like to own as bright a dog as Fido; would not you?



CRADLE SONG.

Voice.

MUSIC BY T. CRAMPTON.

p

1. Hush! little ba-by! I'll sing you a song; One that is sweet and not very long:
Piano.

p

Peep! peep! go to sleep! Peep! peep! go to sleep!

p

2. All the small birdies
Are snugly asleep;
No more must baby
Wide awake keep.
Peep! peep! &c.

pp

3. Lullaby, baby!
Now take your rest;
Nothing shall harm you,
Safe in your nest.
Peep! peep! &c.



GIVE QUICKLY.

GIVE QUICKLY.



E gives twice who gives quickly." That is an old saying, and a very good one. I wish that little Edwin Clare had felt the truth of it one day when a poor Swiss girl came and sang under the window of his house.

After the song was ended, Edwin's mother gave him a five-cent piece to hand to the girl; and he went with Mrs. Miller the nurse to the window, and called to the little girl to come and get the money.

She ran, and held both her hands up to receive it; but Edwin thought he would play with her a little before he gave it. So he asked, "Where do you live? and what is your name?"

"I live at number fifteen, Auburn Alley," said the girl; "but we have only one room in the house. My name is Charlotte."

"How did you learn to sing?"

"My father taught me, long, long ago."

"Why doesn't your father go to work and make money, and not send you out to sing?"

"My father is no longer living in this world. Wherever he is, he will help me if he can."

"Now, then, open your mouth, and shut your eyes."

The little girl obeyed; but, instead of dropping the five-cent piece, Edwin drew his head back, and hid, so that, when Charlotte opened her eyes, no Edwin was to be seen.

Then she turned sadly away, and walked down the street. Edwin called after her; but she did not heed him, for he had trifled with her. She went round the nearest corner, and was soon out of sight.

Edwin ran to his mother, and told her that the singing-girl had gone off, and had not taken the five-cent piece.

“She sang very prettily,” said Mrs. Clare; “and her song was well worth the money. But why did she not take it?”

Then Edwin was forced to tell what he had done. “Ah! my son,” said Mrs. Clare, “you behaved unkindly. He gives twice who gives quickly. You should not have trifled in that manner with the poor girl. She may be suffering for the want of help.”

“Suffering? Do you mean she will want for food?”

“Yes, my son: it is not at all unlikely.”

“Then, mother, I’ll tell you what to do. Put up a good basket full of things to eat, and I and Mrs. Miller will take it to the girl’s house. She told us where she lives. I’ll give her the five-cent piece, and ask her pardon for my behavior.”

“You shall do all that, and more, my dear boy,” said his mother; “and I’m glad it came into your head to propose it.”

Half an hour after this talk, Edwin and Mrs. Miller were in poor Charlotte’s room; and there they saw the girl’s mother sick on a bed, while a pale-faced boy was trying to still the cries of an infant by rocking it.

Charlotte had earned no money, and was very sad. But when Edwin, instead of a five-cent piece, gave her a whole dollar, and then lifted the cover of the basket, and showed a cold chicken, some nice slices of bread-and-butter, and a bottle of fresh milk, the little girl’s eyes brightened, and she knelt down and kissed Edwin, and thanked him so warmly, that the little boy thought he felt happier than he had ever felt before.

His first visit was not his last. Every day till Charlotte’s mother grew well and strong, he took a basket of nice food to her. His own mother now tells him that she will get up

a little concert, at which Charlotte shall sing, and money shall be paid for tickets by those who come to hear; and all the money shall be paid over to Charlotte and her mother.

Edwin is now going round to sell tickets. He is quite happy in the thought of doing good.

EMILY CARTER.



THE SPECKLED HEN.

LITTLE Hannah's speckled hen
 Laid an egg behind the door:
 Since last week, she has laid ten,—
 One to-day, and nine before.
 So she struts about quite proud,
 That her mistress comes to see,
 When she cackles out aloud,
 “Cluck ! Where's there a hen like me ?”



THE DRAKE AND THE LADY.

THERE was once a lady who had two ducks, and one of these was a drake. We call a male duck a drake. The lady was very kind to them, and used to feed them herself every day.

One morning, as she was walking on the terrace around her house, the drake came to her and made a queer noise, as if to ask her to notice him. But she merely said, "What's the matter, Billy?" and walked on.

Billy was not to be put off in that way. He followed her, and at last pecked at her feet with his bill; then, as she took no notice of that, he took the hem of her dress in his bill, and began to pull it.

"What can be the matter with this creature?" thought

the lady. "I never saw a bird act so before. Go away, you bad Billy!"

Billy knew that he was not bad; and he did not mean to go away till he had made his mistress do what he wanted her to do. So he kept on pulling her dress, till at length, thinking that something must be the matter, she said, "Well, go along, Billy: I will follow you."

But Billy kept his hold of her dress, and in this manner led her along till they came to a place by the pond, where there was a sluice to let out water. Here the lady saw that Billy's mate, Dolly, was in great trouble.

A beam had slipped down over her neck so far, that she could not move backward or forward, struggle as she might. "Why, you poor Dolly!" cried the lady. And she ran and lifted up the beam, so that the poor duck could draw her head back, and come up on the bank.

Billy was so pleased, that he ran round, and made more queer noises than the lady had ever heard before from one of the duck tribe. She knelt down, and patted them both, and smoothed their feathers, and then went back to the house, strong in the belief that Billy was the wisest fowl she had ever seen or heard of.

EMILY CARTER.



WHAT IS THIS MAN DOING?

SAGO

You have often eaten sago-pudding. Do you know what sago is? It is the pith of a tree which grows in several of the islands near Malay.

The sago-tree is a kind of palm: it grows in swamps. When it is ten or fifteen years old, it flowers, and then dies. When sago is to be made, a full-grown tree is picked out just before it is going to flower; then a man cuts it down close to the ground, and clears away all the leaves and leaf-stalks, and takes a broad strip of the bark off the upper side of the trunk.

The pith is then cut or broken down into a coarse powder. It is afterwards washed and strained; and the sago-starch is separated from the fibrous part. What does "fibrous" mean? Having fibres or strings.

The fibrous part is not good to eat: the starchy part only is used for food. This is made into large heavy parcels, and neatly covered with sago-leaves, and sold as raw sago. They make sago bread and cakes in the islands where this curious tree grows.

The cakes are very nice mixed with butter and sugar, and



SAGO-PALMS.

grated cocoanut. Many of the people in the island have neither vegetables nor fruit, but live almost entirely on sago and a little fish. It is very strange to see a whole tree-trunk thus turned into food with so little labor.



A SURPRISE-PARTY.

IN the mellow autumn night,
Oh the faces rosy bright !
Hark ! the prattle gay and sweet
Where the little children meet.

Joe has got the biggest cake
That the baker's man could bake,
Iced all over, smooth and white :
Don't you wish you had a bite ?

Fruit and nuts, in baskets hid,
Almost burst the creaking lid ;
Jellies, and a dozen pies,
Like the moon in point of size.

Boys and girls go, two by two,
Some in white, and some in blue ;
Tiny slippers, laces, bows,—
Nice and neat, you may suppose.

Little curly-headed Dot,
Sweetest darling of the lot,
Hair just like the morning sun,
Takes the lead in all the fun.

“ That's the house just over there :
Mind the pickles ! do take care !
Archie, run and tell Eliza
We are coming to surprise her ! ”

GEORGE COOPER.



DREAMING AND DOING.

“I WISH I did not have to wear ragged clothes, and go without shoes!” thought Walter Burns, as he lay on the dry turf one bright summer afternoon, with the string of his hat in his mouth. “If I had a thousand dollars, I know what I would do: I would buy my mother a new dress, and I would not let her work so hard.”

As Walter lay dreaming of what he would do if he only had a thousand dollars, all at once he saw a little bird fly to her nest, and give food to four little birdies, who were stretching their bills wide open, all as hungry as they could be.

Then Walter took the string out of his mouth, put his hat on, and started up on his feet.

“Now, ought I not to be ashamed of myself?” said he. “Here is this little bird: she does not sit dreaming, and wishing she had some food to give to her children. No: she goes and gets it.

“Here am I, a large healthy boy, able to work, and able to help my mother; but I have been lying the better part of this fine day on the ground, dreaming dreams, and watching the clouds, or looking up at the trees, as if I hoped food and money would drop from them.

“For shame, Master Walter! If you can’t do any thing better, go and let yourself out at a quarter of a dollar a day to pick strawberries. You can do that; can’t you? The strawberries in Mr. Peck’s garden are spoiling for want of somebody to pick them. Go and offer your help, and let folks see that you are not a mere idler and dreamer.”

Walter ran off to Mr. Peck, and asked him if he did not want a boy to help him pick strawberries. “Yes,” said Mr. Peck: “go to work, and I’ll give you five cents for every box you fill.”

Walter went to work; and, before sundown, he had filled four boxes, for which Mr. Peck paid him twenty cents. In four days the little boy earned a dollar. How proud he was to hand it to his mother!

Walter had not been at work a week before a farmer near by, of the name of Carr, who had seen him in the field early and late, came up and said, “How much do you earn a day, at this, my lad?” — “About thirty cents,” said Walter.

"Come and help me, and I'll give you half a dollar a day," said Mr. Carr.

"No, you'll not do any such thing," said Mr. Peck, who had heard it all. "Do you think this right, Mr. Carr, to come and try to get away my best hand? Stay with me, Walter, and you shall have sixty cents a day."

Walter had no wish to leave Mr. Peck: so he accepted his offer; and in a month's time he was able to buy himself a new suit of clothes.

"This is better than lying ragged in the sun," thought Walter, as he took his three dollars and sixty cents home to his mother every Saturday night. Soon she was able to buy a new dress for herself, and to hire a little girl to help her do the house-work.

"Doing is better than dreaming, mother, isn't it?" said Walter, as he saw his mother come to the table in her nice new calico dress. "Yes, my boy," said Mrs. Burns, "let folks see that you mean work, and are no eye-servant, and you'll always get work."

UNCLE CHARLES.



A WALK WITH JOHNNY.

ANN takes her little brother John out to walk. Johnny walks well for such a small boy; but he tries to walk a little too fast, and has a hard fall.



He is more scared than hurt; but he feels in duty bound to cry. He sits up on the ground, and bawls with a right good will.

A bird sits on a post, and looks at him, as much as to say,—

“What can be the matter with that little boy?”



Ann shows him a jumping-Jack ; which pleases him so, that, in spite of himself, the little rogue soon has to laugh through his tears.

Then Ann takes him into the house, and gives him her doll to play

with: then, with the doll in his arms, she takes him out to see the rabbits.

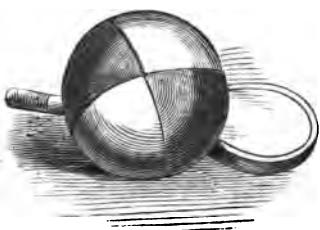
Johnny is as bright as a lark now. He has forgotten all his sorrows.

To please him still more, Ann hangs a doughnut on a string, and holds it up for him to reach.

When Johnny tries to reach it, Ann pulls it away. Then he tries again and again. He does not cry now, but he laughs; for, young as he is, he knows how to take a joke.

Ann lets him catch the doughnut after a while; and then his bliss is complete. By and by she will teach him to catch a ball

JANE OLIVER.



PICKAXE AND SHOVEL.

THERE are two little boys I know, one of whom has brown hair, and the other light hair: so I will call the first Little Brown Boy; and the second, Little Light Boy.

Across the field in front of the house where Little Light Boy lives, Mr. Palmer has been busy with his men, building drains. The men have dug up the ground with pickaxes and shovels. Little Light Boy has been greatly interested in watching the work; and out in the yard behind the house, he has, as he calls it, "built drains too."

He has quite a respectable shovel of his own; and he borrows of Mary in the kitchen the poker for a pickaxe. With these tools he digs a big hole in the ground, with a ditch leading to it, and fills it with water. This he calls his drain.

Sometimes Little Brown Boy comes over to play with him; and then the two work at building drains together. Little Light Boy takes the poker, and picks away stoutly; and Little Brown Boy takes the shovel, and digs with great resolution. By and by Little Brown Boy gets tired of the shovel; and he says to his companion, —

"Lightie, let me have the pickaxe, and you take the shovel." So they exchange tools, and work on as zealously as ever.

Pretty soon, however, Little Light Boy, in his turn, gets tired of the shovel; and he says, —

"Now, Brownie, you take the shovel, and let *me* have the pickaxe." And Little Brown Boy gives up the pickaxe, and takes back the shovel; and the two play on happily.

How much better this way than if Little Brown Boy, or Little Light Boy, should say, when the other asked for the pickaxe, "No: I want it myself. You can't have it!"

This is the unselfish way of playing. This is *giving up*. Little Brown Boy and Little Light Boy, though not yet four years old, have learned a good lesson, and set a good example. I wish other little boys and girls would follow it.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDWARD ABBOTT.



A TROTTING SONG.



BABY had a little white nose,
Heigho, heigho !
Round and soft as her ten white toes
Heigho, heigho !
Until Jack Frost came by one day,
And stole my pet's white nose away :
Heigho, heigho, hi !

For Jack he kissed the baby's nose,
Heigho, heigho !
Till it was red as the red, red rose,
Heigho, heigho !
Rosy and round, and fair to see,
As any little red cher-ry :
Heigho, heigho, hi !

Now I am glad the birdies fled,
Heigho, heigho !
Soon as the cherry-leaves were dead,
Heigho, heigho !
For much I fear that they, some day,
Might steal my pet's red nose away :
Heigho, heigho, hi !

BABY'S MAMMA.



BOY.—THIS IS A WOLF THAT IS HIDING HERE.

GIRL.—OF WOLVES LIKE YOU I'VE NOT MUCH FEAR.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

EARLY one morning last month, the teacher found her pupils gathered in groups near the gate, talking as fast as their tongues could go.

“O teacher!” cried Alice May, “did you hear about the fire?”

“Yes,” said Miss Norton; “and I feel very sorry for the little boys and girls whose homes were all burned.”

“I am sorry too,” said Lucy Green. “Only think! my father says that many of those poor people in Chicago have no houses to sleep in, and no food to eat. He says, too, that, as every thing was burned, the parents of the children have no money to buy food for them.”

“Oh, how I pity them!” said Ella, as tears came to her eyes. “I wish I could send them the money I have laid up in my little red bank.”

“You can do it if you want to,” said the teacher. “If your father is willing, I will send your money to the mayor of Chicago, and he will spend it for the poor little homeless ones you pity so much.”

“May I go and get it?” asked Ella.

“Yes.” And off she ran on her errand of love.

“May I get my bank-money too?” asked Henry.

“Oh, yes!” And off ran Henry rather faster than Ella.

“Mine too?” “And mine?” “And mine?” cried a dozen voices, one after another.

“Yes, yes: you may all go.”

Off they all went; and in an hour they had nearly all returned. George brought fifty cents he had laid by for a pair of skates; Ella, twenty-five cents that been given her for a new doll; Lottie, twenty cents she had saved up for a

paint-box; Willie, the five-cent piece which would have gone to the purchase of a jumping-Jack.

I wish you could have seen the great pile of cents on Miss Norton's table. She put them all in a box, and sent it to the mayor of Chicago, who took good care that the money should reach those who needed it most.

Never had the children passed so happy a day in school. They all felt how much sweeter it is to give than to receive.

ACORN.



THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY, AND HIS NAME WAS TOMMY BATES.
ONE DAY HIS SISTER SAW HIM MEDDLING WITH THE PLATES:
THEN HIS AUNT CRIED, "DON'T DO THAT, YOU LITTLE TOMMY BATES!"

ABOUT ROBERT.

ROBERT is a little boy, not quite two years old. He takes crumbs in his hands, and goes out on the steps. Then he drops the crumbs on the ground; and the hens and turkeys run to pick them up.



Every day he sits down in the chip-yard, and plays with the chips. The hot sun burns his face, and makes it almost black.



This is the way Robert plays hide. He gets behind the chair, and then peeps out. If anybody comes to catch him, he runs off, and hides behind another chair.



One day Robert saw the tin milk-

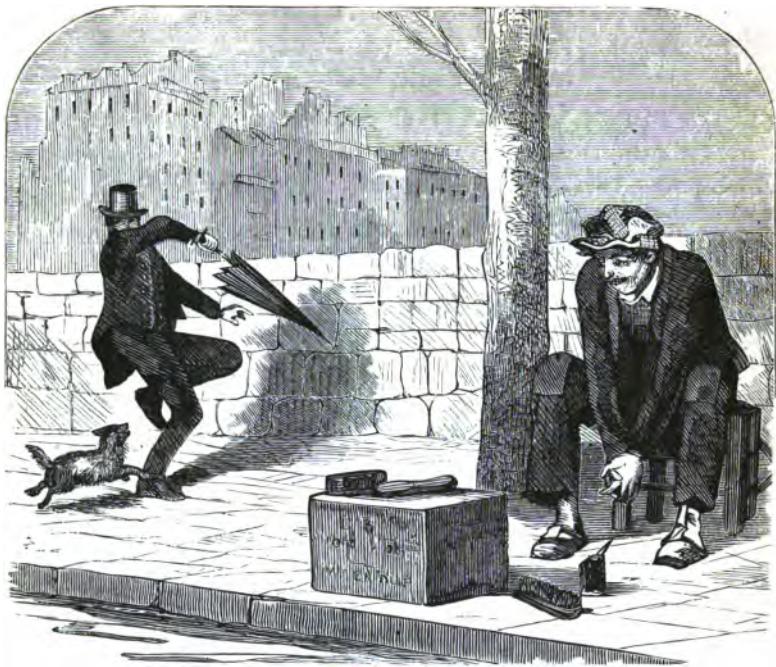
pail standing in the corner: so he thought he would get in and have a ride. It did very well as long as he sat still; but little boys do not like to sit still very long.

So Robert stood up: then he jumped up and down. He thought this was very nice fun: so he jumped up and down again. This made the pail tip over.

Robert fell down flat on the floor. It made him bite his lip so, that his lip was all bloody. And he hurt his knee, and made it smart.

I think Robert will take care how he rides in the milk-pail the next time. He had better ask his mother about it.





THE SHOEBLACK'S DOG.

Oh, what a sly dog ! Just look at him ! What do you suppose he is doing ? I think you might guess many times, and not guess right.

I will tell you what that sly dog is doing : he is trying to muddy Mr. Blake's clean shoes. But why should he do that ? You shall learn.

Mr. Blake was in the great city of Paris. He walked out on a bridge one day, when this dog, whose name is Nap, came up with muddy paws, and acted as I tell you. Mr. Blake went to a shoebblack near by, and paid him for cleaning his shoes.

The next day Mr. Blake was walking over the same bridge, when Nap again ran up, and soiled his shoes. "I

will see what this means," thought Mr. Blake: so he walked on, and stood where he could watch the dog.

Nap ran down by the river's side, and put his paws in the mud, and then came up on the bridge. When he saw a gentleman pass, he would run, and wipe his dirty paws on his shoes; and then the gentleman would go to the shoeblack, and pay him for cleaning them.

"I see how it is!" said Mr. Blake to himself. "That dog belongs to the shoeblack, who has trained him to muddy the shoes of people passing by, so that they may come and give the shoeblack a job."

Then Mr. Blake went up to the man, and said, "Why do you let your dog act in this way?"

"Ah! trade is so bad!" said the man.

"Come, I will buy your dog," said Mr. Blake.

So Mr. Blake bought the dog, and took him to London, where he kept him tied up for some time; but at last he let him go loose. Nap ran away; and, two weeks afterwards, he had found his way back to Paris, to his old master.

How Nap got across the channel I do not know. I only know this is a true story; and I think I never heard of such a sly dog as this same Nap.

TROTTIE'S AUNT.



SEE THIS LITTLE BOY AND HIS SISTER, SEATED ON THE BANK, AND WATCHING THE SHEEP.



ON THE SEA-BEACH.

SEE the wild waves, how they toss up the spray!
Why should not we be as merry as they?
Come, my own sister, and walk on the sand,
Beside the blue ocean : oh ! is it not grand ?

Hark to the roar of the surf on the rocks !
The foam rushes onward like snowy-white flocks.
Then back the waves hurry away from the shore ;
Then forward they rush with another wild roar.

The land, oh the land, my dear sister, for me !—
The good land, that stirs not for wind or for sea.
The ocean I love : but I love it the best
When I stand on the shore ; for the shore is at rest.



THE DOG THAT LIKED CATS.

TASSO is a beautiful dog. He is very lively and good-natured, and never barks or bites.

He was brought from New York when he was a very little puppy, and could hardly run about, because his legs were so short, and he was so fat.

Tasso is very fond of cats. He will run up to Prince, our great Maltese pussy, and jump round him, and poke his nose

into Prince's fur. Then Prince will growl, and look very angry, as if he were saying, "You are a very impertinent fellow."

Once we had a little black-and-white cat, and we called her Winkie.

Winkie and Tasso were almost always together, and seemed to enjoy their play very much; but at night Winkie slept in her basket in the kitchen, and Tasso slept on his little master's bed.

One morning, when Tasso went down stairs, he missed Winkie: so he went to her basket and looked in; and there lay Winkie, sound asleep, with three cunning little kittens cuddled up in her soft warm fur.

Tasso looked at the kittens for a little while; and then he put his paw into the basket, and gave Winkie a little poke on the head to make her wake up. Then Winkie opened her eyes; and, when she saw Tasso, she began to "purr" so loud, that you could hear her all over the kitchen.

Tasso seemed very much pleased with the kittens; and, when Winkie got out of her basket to get her breakfast, Tasso jumped in, and began to cuddle the kittens as Winkie did.

After that, whenever Winkie left the kittens, Tasso would take care of them until she came back.

When the kittens were large enough to run about, Tasso would take them in his mouth, and carry them into a corner and lie down with them, all the time holding them with his paw to make them lie still.

If you could have seen the good care which Tasso took of the kittens, it would have pleased you very much.

Some dogs do not like cats, but will chase them and worry them; but it is not difficult to train dogs to be good to them, and to behave towards them as Tasso did.



THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

“THREE little beggar-girls are standing at the gate,
Hungry and thirsty, and shaking with the cold :
May I bring them in, mother ?” whispers little Kate,
Tossing high her locks of sunny gold.

“Yes, bring them in, dear, to warm them by the fire :
Poor little wanderers, out this snowy day !”
Off ran little Kate, on feet that never tire,
Up to the attic speeding quick away.

Back came mother swiftly with her basket piled ;
And on the hearth-rug sat a merry crew :
Each little beggar was mother’s own dear child :
“How we fooled you, mamma !” shouted Sue.

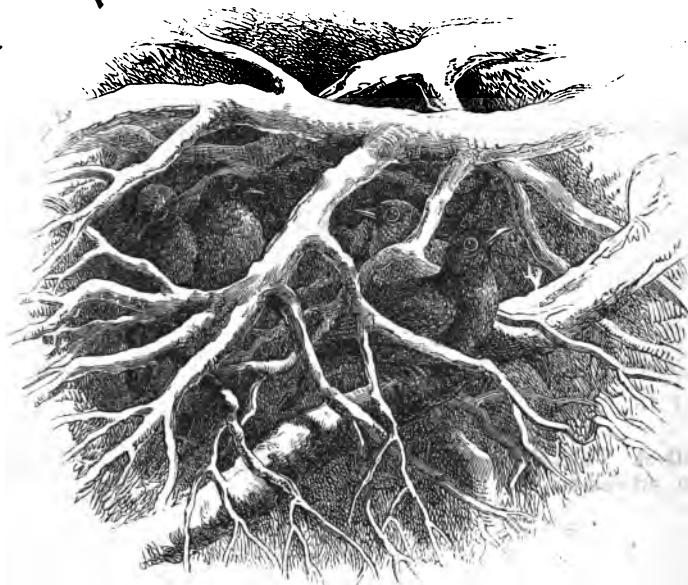
Then she began to beg in her pretty, winsome way :

“ Please, Mrs. Mother, a waxen doll I need ;
For mine has lost her nose, and her curls are all astray,
And her clothing is shabby indeed.”

“ Please,” said little Jo, “ may I have a pretty sled ?
For mine is all broken and dingy now, you know :
I want the runners green, and the body painted red ;
It must run like a bird upon the snow.”

“ Dear little beggar-girls, look out on the sea :
Look, and a ship will come on some pleasant day.
Every thing we need she will bring for you and me :
So be happy still and merry in your play.”

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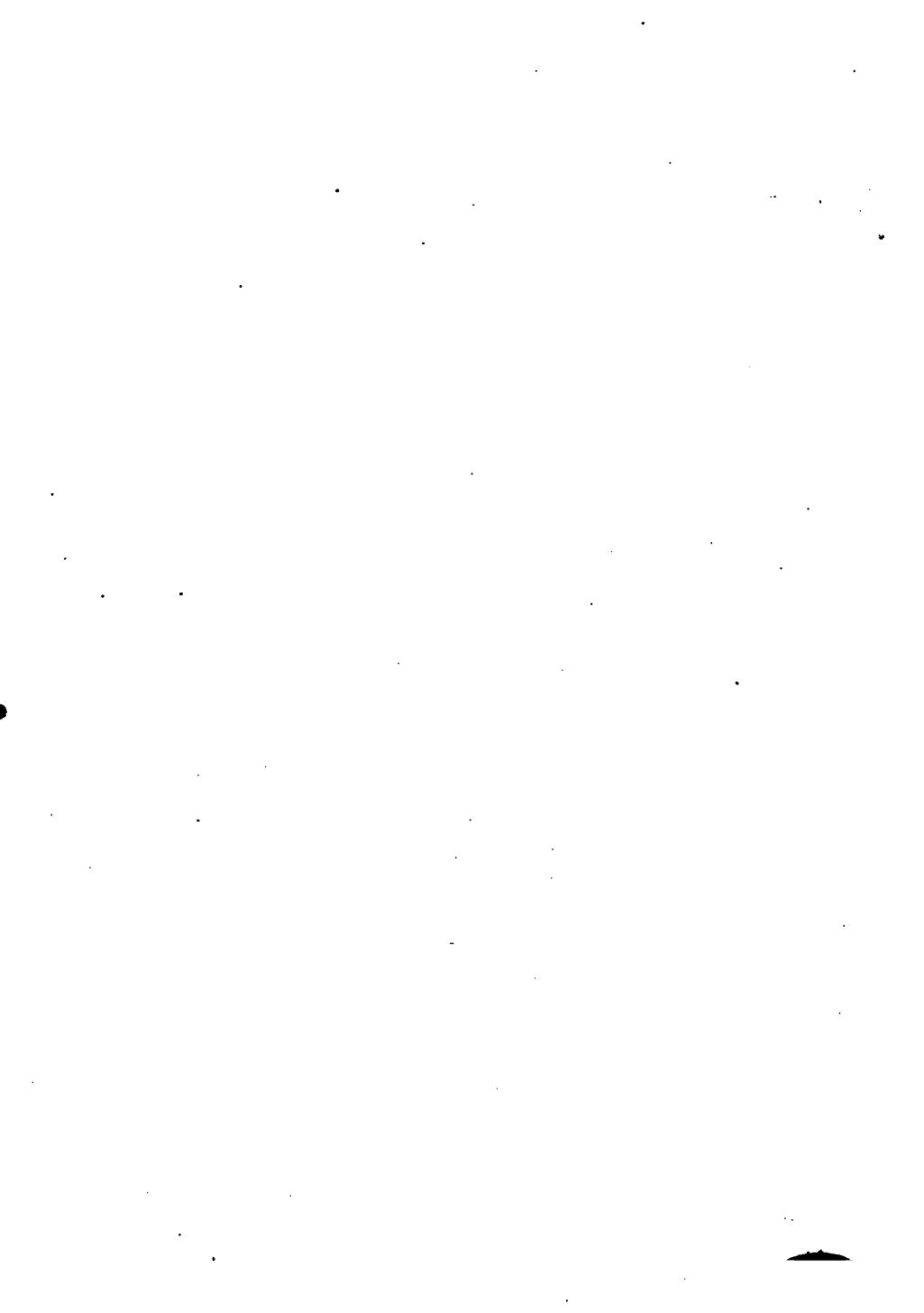
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